

# SAINT GEORGE

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No. 15. Vol. IV.

July, 1901.

## CHIVALRY, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN.\*

By J. L. Paton, M.A.

**W**HEN in the days of the Revolution King Louis fled from the Tuileries, the family coach, which Carlyle has made historic, was procured by an English officer in attendance on the Queen. As she stepped into the carriage, Marie Antionette, mindful as ever of those who rendered her any personal service, pressed into that officer's hand a silver ring bearing the figure of a swan, and on the reverse the letters M A. The ring was cherished as a family heirloom until financial troubles compelled a sale of all the family valuables, and among them the French Queen's gift. Years later a great-grandson of the officer walking down Bond Street happened to catch sight of a tray of old silver articles, and on the tray a ring with the figure of a swan. He stepped inside the shop, asked to be shown the tray, asked the price of first one thing and then another, and last, his hand trembling with emotion, took up the ring, looked on the reverse, saw the letters that he expected, and purchased it. That strong feeling which made him tremble was the stress of the spirit of Chivalry, which it is now proposed to examine in some of its aspects both mediæval and modern.

The word is derived from a low Latin word, *caballus*. The "cavalier" was properly "a horseman," and "Chivalry" was the spirit of a horse soldier or knight.

\* A Lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, 23rd January, 1901.

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That spirit was many sided and complex.

It was expected of a knight, in the first place, that he should be brave. His equipment was superior, his prowess should correspond. Any venturous or perilous quest he must be ready to undertake at his lord's need. This above all.

He must be loyal. To this he was bound by the tie of feudal law, and the strength of personal attachment to a chosen leader. In this was the germ of the spirit of honour.

The spirit of loyalty gradually grew wider in scope. The knight must be ready to fight in the cause of the "captain Christ," as well as his liege lord. From the first, the institution of chivalry had religious associations. The investiture was a religious ceremony. The suit of armour, which the young knight was to don, lay all night before the High Altar, and before that altar the young squire kept his vigil with prayer and fast. In the morning, his new duties were set forth to him by a priest, and he received his knighthood on bended knee. At the time of the Crusades, this religious aspect of Chivalry became the most prominent of all. It is interesting, in proof thereof, to notice the gradual accretion of myth round the personality of that great pattern of Chivalry, Charlemagne. As a matter of fact, Charlemagne only made one campaign against the infidels, and that was not conspicuously successful,\* but in later ages, it came to be felt that such a model of Chivalry must have been constantly warring against the infidels and constantly triumphing over them, and accordingly he was readily represented and believed to have done so.

But Religion meant more than fighting. It stood for "sweeter manners, purer laws." The worship of the Virgin infused a reverence for all womanhood unknown to Roman civilisation; the constant and visible presence of the Crucifix taught compassion for suffering and hatred of the human injustice which begets it. With religion went a courtesy not only of outward manner but of the heart.

\* The unsuccessful siege of Saragossa, 778 A.D.

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"Nothing is so honourable to a knight,  
Nor better doth bescem brave chivalry,  
Than to defend the feeble in their right,  
And wrong redress to such as wend awry."

As a perfect illustration of this side of Chivalry we may look at Burne-Jones' picture of "The Merciful Knight." Two knights have fought. The winner in the hour of victory with his enemy prostrate before him, forbears his own advantage and spares his foeman's life. Then he bends before the image of the Crucified to thank his Master for the victory vouchsafed, and, as he kneels, the figure of Christ leans forward from the cross and kisses his upturned brow. That is the type of the highest chivalry, and this short analysis of its component parts may be best summed up by the picture of the Knight as delineated by Dan Chaucer in chivalry's best days.

"A Knight there was, and that a worthy man,  
That fro the time that he first began  
To ryden out, he loved chivalrye,  
Truth and honour, freedom and curteisie.  
Full worthy was he in his Lordes war  
And thereto had he riden, noman ferre,  
As well in Christendom as hethenesse,  
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.

\* \* \* \* \*

And though that he was worthy, he was wise,  
And of his port as meek as is a maid:  
He never yet no vileineye ne saide  
In all his lyf, unto no maner wight,"

As such it may be said of mediæval Chivalry that it held up before the world a high ideal of manhood to which every wellborn youth strove to attain. It exercised a strong restraining influence at a time when animal instincts were strong, but law was weak and government unstable. Above all, it made men live for something better than food and drink and pelf; it raised men above the

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grosser material things of life and pointed to the satisfaction of the higher wants.

More than a hundred years ago Burke told us that the age of Chivalry was dead and wrote its glowing epitaph in a passage which, next to the Charity chapter in the Corinthians, has been ranked as the finest passage in the English language.

"But the age of Chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever.

Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

The rhetorical splendour of this passage is liable to dazzle the eyes of our mind and make us blind to its defects of judgment. To take the last sentence first, no thoughtful man would admit that vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness. Vice is far less dangerous when it comes in its true colours, and those true colours are so repulsive that, if vice were seen as vice, the Socratic maxim would become an axiomatic truth and no one would deliberately say, "Evil, be thou my good."

Again, like most epitaphs, this panegyric says nothing of the picture's darker side. It says nothing of the thousands of helpless women, foully done to death as witches, under that knightly regime which vaunted its reverence for womanhood. It says nothing of the extraordinary limitations of the knight's knightliness, which even in Chevalier Bayard, did not stick at swindling an old uncle and spurning all obligation to pay a base-born tailor's bill. It says nothing of that sharpening of social distinctions which perpetuated,

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as such distinctions invariably do, the degradation of the lowest. It says nothing of the grinding poverty and bitter injustice to the peasants on which the tinsely splendours of Versailles were built. It says nothing of the loose amours for which this "nation of cavaliers" was notorious. It says nothing of the false idol of military glory as the supreme object of a nobleman's endeavour. It says nothing of the contempt for trade and manual arts which meant, at any rate in the eighteenth century, the cult of idleness and the apotheosis of a selfish and sluggish luxury.

If by the "Age of Chivalry" is meant the useless and immoral aristocracy of Louis XV and XVI, no one can regret that it is dead, no one can help wishing some French Cervantes had arisen "to smile away" the chivalry of France in some happy euthanasia before the great crash came.

But one has no wish to dwell on the darker side of Mediæval Chivalry and especially of its decadence. Rather would one dwell on that happier side which is "written in heaven" and, therefore, cannot pass away.

The old knight is no more, gunpowder has abolished him. But that which Chivalry in its best days stood for is not dead. The spirit of adventure is still alive in a Franklin or a Nansen. Our volunteer movement, especially in its last development, is "the cheap defence" of our nation. Who that has ever asked the way in a strange city has failed to find something of the "unbought grace of life." Even on the continent, hated as the Englishman is at the present time, he never throws himself in such a predicament on the goodwill of the casual passer-by without finding what he sought. Scrupulous fairness to a rival, the temper that would rather fail than falsely win,—there is no decently conducted cricket or football game, no boat race where these things are not taken for granted. There is no Settlement, Mission Station or Sunday School which does not testify that the spirit of consideration for the weaker is still a living power in modern life. Even in respect to the lower races, in spite of so much to the contrary,

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there is not wanting the high example of Livingstone. His little caravan had arrived at the coast after a long and weary journey through the interior. Livingstone was ill and yearned for home and rest. One of Her Majesty's cruisers lay in the bay and he was offered a free passage to England. There was everything to tempt him. But he had pledged his word to a native chief who had provided him with a detachment of porters, and true to his word he set out to restore these men to their homes and safety. These are they who, in the true sense, build an Empire.

And the aim of this lecture is to re-interpret the old spirit of Chivalry in terms of modern life, to show what still is lacking, and put before you some instances of unsuspected chivalry in the world around us.

I take first Chivalry to woman. Marie Antoinette was a Queen and the daughter of Queens. She seemed to Burke like an angel descended from some higher sphere, "and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision." But womanhood is womanhood, whatever the vessel that contains it. And woman is the ordeal by which we may test not only the individual man but the whole society and civilization of which we are a part.

How do we stand? It is not long since women were whipped in public, since actresses were refused burial in consecrated ground, since women dragged trucks on all fours along the foul, damp passages of our coalmines, performing tasks which were unfit for beasts. Woman is still occasionally hanged. She is still considered to be adequately remunerated by a wage of eight shillings a week, of which six shillings goes in board and lodging, and two shillings remain for those delicate accomplishments, that softness and refinement which we look for in womanhood. In case she faints over her work, the time she loses will be carefully deducted from this wage, and any fellow-worker who loses time by going to her assistance will be similarly penalised. She is still liable to "phossy jaw" because we cannot afford to pay more than one penny per



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dozen for our matchboxes. She still dies of lead poisoning because we will not be bothered to insist on leadless glaze for our pottery. She still bends over gasrings, crimping collars, and has epileptic fits in consequence. She still makes our macintoshes and bicycle tyres under conditions which Mr. Richard Whiteing held up before our eyes in *No. 5 John Street*. She still has to serve behind bars and endure the coarse chaff of half-boosed men.\* And other things there are, things unnameable here, but no review of woman's social position can leave them out of account.

Mr. Felix Moscheles has put the whole tragic story in his picture, "Sweated, in the year of the Lord, 1892." It was painted on the publication of the Fifth Report of the Committee of the Lords on Sweating. Before that committee Mr. Arnold White produced a coat made for sevenpence halfpenny. Working fifteen hours a woman could make four such coats a day, and out of the two shillings and sixpence thus earned would pay threepence for getting the buttonholes worked and fourpence for trimming. Mr. Moscheles shows us how such coats are made. The young mother, with her fair face, has been working far into the night. She is worn out and dozes wearily over the coat in her hands. Two children lie asleep, without bed or bedclothes, on the floor. The eldest is awake and first rising. The look in his eyes shows that he is first beginning to understand. The children, like the mother, are fair of face. There is nothing repulsive about the picture except the Mammon system, which is the reason for its painting.

There is no Chivalry in Mammon. His strength is the strength of the ogre, the tiger and the ape—not of the knight. Not without good cause did Mr. G. F. Watts paint the coarse, bloated Brute—

\* "There is one profession that is closed to women in the United States—that of barmaid. That professional association of woman with man when he is apt to be in his worst animal moods is firmly tabooed in America—all honour to it."—*The Land of Contrasts: a Briton's view of his American Kin*. By James F. Muirhead. (John Lane.)

An attempt was made three years ago to introduce the English barmaid in New York. It was a complete failure.

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God, holding down with his claws a delicate girl who kneels helpless before his throne of piled-up bores. In neither picture is there anything sensational or overdone, they are nothing but sympathetic statements of fact, but I cannot imagine a more stirring call to whatever sense of Chivalry there still may be in the hearts of young Englishmen.

"Ah but," I am told, "we are not employers of labour and, detest it as we may, there's practically nothing we can do to alter things." Not much of knighthood in such an answer. The more seeming hopeless the quest, the more eager should be the knight. It is wonderful how silent we are, how easily we take it all for granted, while women do society's drudgery, while they make society's chains, its shirts and matches and glazed pottery under such conditions. It is wonderful how sensitive, how vociferously solicitous we become about woman's softness and delicacy directly she begins to compete with us men in our business or profession.

But we don't need to go far afield. Society with all its veneer is full of unchivalrous tone towards woman. "Its only the dress-maker," says the young gentleman of the house as he hacks an uncouth slice from the joint. "Don't you think, Miss," said a working widow to a young lady who was canvassing for a lady guardian, "Don't you think as the women should do their business in a separate room, them men is so rough." "The masculine includes the feminine, as being the worthier," says the Eton Latin Grammar in expounding the rules for composite agreement. How often one is regaled after dinner with story after story, one capping the other, and all at the expense of the mother-in-law. How repeatedly one hears the term "old woman" used as a term of contempt, how seldom as a term of honour. "The reverend form of Female eld," is the phrase by which Charles Lamb seeks to circumvent the inveterate associations of the term. As long as boys move in this atmosphere and are allowed to sing in chorus unchecked such songs as "Oh my darling Clementine," how can we be surprised that on growing to maturity, they disallow women

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who have sat on the vestries, from sitting on the Borough Councils, or refuse to a woman who has taken the same examination as themselves, the degree which success confers on a man?

But one may dwell too long on things which one would more willingly let pass. Neither in this, nor any other matter, will we judge our human nature by its feet of clay. To take the taste out of our mouth, may I read a passage from Charles Lamb's essay on Modern Gallantry. I can imagine nothing further removed in outward semblance from the ancient type of cavalier than this desk-worn London clerk. I know nothing nearer to the highest ideal of Chivalry than his unselfish devotion to his sister, and indeed the whole spirit of his life and words.

"Joseph Paice of Bread Street Hill, merchant and one of the Directors of the South Sea Company, was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. Though bred a Presbyterian and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing room and another in the shop or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction, but he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded—smile if you please—to a poor servant girl, while she has been enquiring of him the way to some street, in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptance of the word, after women, but he revered and upheld in every form in which it came before him, womanhood. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age, the Sire Calidore or Sir Tristan to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them."

It is interesting to read on and to see how Joseph Paice was taught this high politeness to his "inferiors" by the lady whom he courted. Miss Susan Winstanley turned a deaf ear one day to his

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compliments and wooings, because, the day before, she had heard him rate in ungentle terms a milliner who was late with his cravats. "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady, a reputed beauty, and known to be of fortune, I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (naming the milliner) and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour, though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them, what sort of compliment should I receive then?"

So much for man's chivalry to woman. There is also woman's chivalry to man. The story of woman's share in man's heroism is a book which remains yet unwritten. In the life-stories of the great statesman, the great self-sacrificing philanthropists, the poet, and the heroes whom the world admires, we catch glimpses of this Chivalry, a thing too sacred for the blazonry of print and the gaze of the profane crowd.

There is also woman's chivalry to woman. Of that much might be said, especially when the woman is a shop assistant. But it would accord ill with true Chivalry for mere man to speak of this.

There is the Chivalry of the young towards the old. The story of our schooldays told us how the Lacedaemonian envoys rose in a body to give a seat, in the Athenian theatre, to the old man, who had been laughed at as he went fumbling along from row to row trying to find a place. Shakespeare puts into the mouth of a sour and played out rake that description of old age, which is so often and so irritatingly quoted as Shakespeare's own.

"Last scene of all  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

But no sooner are these words uttered than Shakespeare shows how

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utterly he repudiates this view of life. In strides Orlando bearing on his shoulders his old servant who has succumbed to the strain of long fast and wandering, and the Duke, who presides over all, says to him, "Set down your venerable burden."

More and more the tendency of modern legislation in Education Bills and Factory Bills, has been to insist on the duty of the old to the young. It is time that there came the counterpart of this, which should insist on the duty of the young to the old in a measure for Old Age Pensions. So long as a journalist can think it is smart to speak of an old man as "on the cemetery side of sixty," so long is it necessary to insist on the duty of Chivalry towards the old.

There is a Chivalry of the old towards the young. It is not from bad literature so much, nor from bad associates that the young fellow first entering into life learns evil ways. It is the man working in the same shop or warehouse, who makes him feel that it is the correct thing to gamble and indulge his lower passions and take delight in what is lewd. Constantly in ways we do not realize, we older men and women are dashing down loose stones on the young climbers who are coming up behind us, and making difficult and dangerous for them the first beginnings of that moral warfare which is appointed for us all.

To my own thinking Hooliganism and Peakyblinderism are nothing but perverted forms of Chivalry. I cannot believe that they are the creation of the Devil for the Devil never yet created anything. All he can do is to take what God makes and pervert it to evil shape and use. When I see the revolt of the street rough against the narrow restraints of humdrum life, his sense of leadership and comradeship, his pluck and esprit-de-corps, I seem to discern in him a sadly distorted image of the ancient knight, and, discerning that, to hope, as I could not hope before, that right method, "the more excellent way," may find for these Ishmaels their right place and service in the body politic.

Most interesting of all and most difficult to treat is the chivalry

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of business. I knew a business man who made his money in a way most so-called gentlemen would despise, as a retail trader. His sons both earned scholarships at a public school and one of them won a scholarship at College; of his own accord he repaid in full the amount of these scholarships that other needy boys might benefit by the opportunity his sons did not need. In all my professional experience, this is the only instance I can recall where such a thing has been done. I have known many cases where the scholarship money has been put in the bank for the boy to have at his majority, or where it has even been made over to him as pocket money. I trust there are more instances of such chivalry than I wot of, they are much needed in English education. At any rate, I take this as an example to prove what many are inclined to doubt, namely, that there is such a thing as Chivalry in business.

It is difficult to differentiate from what is strangely called "common honesty." But even common honesty becomes invested with all the gallantry of knighthood if a man has pluck to do the honest thing when everyone else does the opposite. I was asking not long ago about the freight charge of milk from Warwickshire to London. "Well," I was told, "the rate is one penny per gallon, the tins hold seventeen gallons but we register for sixteen. Some fools began registering for seventeen gallons. A Scotch farmer started it."

There is, therefore, still some "susceptibility of principle" left in business, though the floating of companies on the most approved lines, the corners in wheat, cotton or corn, the development of Trusts, and the general crushing out of the weak, the prevalence of illicit commissions and trade bribes, might lead one to the opposite conclusion.

"Yes, but," one is told, "business is business; it's a sort of fight, and, after all, one can't fight with kid gloves and rose water." We take this objector at his word. Business is a sort of fight. Let us then fight, in business as at football, on fair terms—if we fight for money, let each know what the conditions are and let



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my rival fairly pit his prophetic faculty against mine. Instead of which, see how each business man greedily avails himself of any access to secret knowledge. Here are the confidential clerks of a large financial firm. They receive £600 each per annum. But in addition they have £20,000 of the firm's capital placed at their disposal to speculate on the Stock market in the shares of the companies which are under their own firm's control. What wonder, if knowing all that is behind the scene, these clerks find their annual share of the plunder amounts to nearly twice their regular stipend.

A cotton warehouse is burned down. The firm, whose cotton is burned, makes a claim for a far higher price per pound than they would have dreamed of asking in fair market. The insurance man comes to inquire, and the whole saleroom staff is made to support the lie.

If such are the ways in which fortunes are made, better to break stones on the road or sweep a crossing than roll in a gilded chariot and the odour of sanctity.

But men are better than their system, and Chivalry in trade is commoner than one thinks, though all the premium is on the other side. Two instances in modern journalism readily occur; when the correspondent of the *Times* was killed in the Soudan, the *Daily Mail* at once came forward and put their telegrams at the disposal of a rival. Recent years have seen at least three editors of large and important daily papers resign their position rather than resign their conscientious convictions. I am told that when Nettlefolds knew that their patent screw would kill all others, they went round, offered to buy up all other screw businesses at fair valuation. One concern refused the offer, and in the end their business was ruined by the rival screw. The Nettlefolds bought up the business on the same terms as originally offered. This was more than courtesy, it was the Chivalry of old.

Here is another instance, personally vouched for. A competitor of a small firm offers the landlord of the small firm's premises a

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much higher rent for these premises than the small firm is paying, but the landlord renews the agreement with his tenants on the old terms.

With these cases before one, one may perhaps attempt to draw a line between "common honesty" (so-called) and Chivalry in business. It is this. Every one takes care that his neighbour shall not cheat him. That is according to the law of self-preservation. But when a man comes to take care that he do not cheat his neighbour—even though it be in so commonplace a matter as an income tax return, and that neighbour be the Chancellor of the Exchequer—from that moment that man, however mean his trade, takes rank with the best born knights of old, and though his banner does not float over a skull at Westminster, yet, in his presence, one feels uplifted with the same high spirit of worship as in those high-roofed aisles.

It is with the war of commercial and industrial rivalry as it is with the war of conflicting armies, men are better than the system. Constantly in this war we have seen on both sides the spirit of generous chivalry which shall ultimately triumph over the war spirit itself. All that is best in man springs forward where helplessness or wounded weakness appeal straight to his heart. The wounded Highlander bids the surgeon first attend to the suffering burgher; the Boer takes the hated rooinek into his home and cares for him as one of his own family. These things are an earnest of what shall be when the long travailing of the creation shall cease because the sons of God are manifested.

And so in trade. The real typical business man, the "economic man," postulated by the early political economists, the man no better than the system, would be Ebenezer Scrooge. Such a man is hardly, if at all, to be found. Men, because they are men, rise above the system and when they carry the spirit of Chivalry into their trade—when they would rather be poor than rich through their brethen's poverty—when they will choose with Pestatozzi "to live like beggars that beggars may live like men"—this spirit

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is the death of that war in trade which we call competition, it is  
the dawn of co-operation and industrial peace,

“When all men's good  
Is each man's rule and universal peace  
Shall lie a shaft of light across the land,  
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea  
Thro' all the circle of the Golden Year.”

## THE LATE F. W. H. MYERS.\*

By Dr. Oliver Lodge.

**I**T is often said that the world knows nothing of its greatest men, and for the contemporary world there is a deep and literal truth in the statement. Fix upon any period of the world's history, and ask who of all living at that epoch would be the one best known and most thought of by posterity. Occasionally it is some Cæsar or Alexander or Cromwell, but how often is it not some obscure villager of whom the Court and nobles have never heard. How frequently it happens that if his name be known to the average citizen, the knowledge is mingled with something like contempt.

Take the time of Socrates for instance; when the oracle declared that of all the wise men of Athens at that splendid era Socrates was the wisest, how absurd it seemed, and who was more astonished than Socrates himself?

Or take the time of the early Roman Emperors, when a peasant named John was preaching in a wilderness in Syria.

Or a later time, in the midst of splendid Imperial enterprise and distinguished Elizabethan names like Drake and Raleigh and Burleigh, when William Shakespeare was writing Plays at a little town on the Avon in Warwickshire.

Or coming still nearer to our own place and time, who was the greatest man in the City of Birmingham at the end of last century? who but the man whom the mob expelled, and whose works they burned—Joseph Priestley.

Ten years ago we cannot tell who was the greatest and most influential man. But for all I know it may have been that serene old figure spending the evening of his life at Coniston, to whom the eyes of a few disciples here and there turned as to one who had preached to them a veritable gospel, "who had given back to

\* A Lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, 20th March, 1901.

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their eyes the hills and clouds as from a fresh consecration," "had rescued monuments of man's noblest effort from forgetfulness and sometimes from destruction," "had taught that at the root of all excellence in Art, all perception in Science, and all true National greatness lie the old homely virtues"; and "that not in competition but in helpfulness, not in self-assertion but in reverence, is to be found the power of life."\*

But after he and others had passed, suppose we had been asked six months ago who was the man in this country whose vital influence upon the race hereafter should be most recognised, we could not have told; but if some oracle had asserted that Frederic Myers of Cambridge was that man, I for one would not have been surprised. At any rate I consider him to have been a great man; and how he will appear henceforward it is for posterity to say, not for us.

To the outward eye of the world he was Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools for the Cambridge District, and he lived a quiet and unobtrusive and studious life in a house he had built near Cambridge, to which all manner of men were wont to go, from the Duke of Albany and Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone, down to comparatively obscure men of science like myself.

He was born in 1843 at Keswick in Cumberland, the son of the Vicar of the Parish, and his early youth was coloured and glorified by memories of the Lake District and of Wordsworth. He has himself described some of his feelings as a child in a slight autobiographical sketch which may some day see the light.

He possessed the advantage of an educated ancestry, both his father and his grandfather appearing in the Dictionary of National Biography, and his mother being one of the Marshalls of the Lake District. His father was a broad church clergyman, before breadth of view became the fashion, and among his friends as young men were those who afterwards became known as Dr.

\* Quotations from a Memorial to Mr. Ruskin after an illness in 1885 which I had some share in drawing up and sending.

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Jowett, Dean Stanley, Robertson of Brighton, and Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle.

The early days of youth are vitally important in giving the keynote to a life, and his own description of two salient influences, first, the natural scenery surrounding his birthplace at Keswick, whence he moved on the death of his father, at eight years old, and secondly, his early introduction to Virgil, are very striking.

His keen admiration and almost worship of Virgil lasted throughout his life. There was a time when he is said to have known the whole of *The Æneid* by heart. Certainly his memory for poetry of all kinds was little short of miraculous, and his prose essay on Virgil and another on Tennyson stand out luminously amid the literature of to-day.

His earliest and best known published writing was a poem called *Saint Paul*, written in a strong enthusiasm for Christianity, which afterwards waned into a dreary Agnosticism, only to be revived again in a modified form by the scientific studies of which I am going to speak. His writings altogether do not bulk large. They are, besides *Saint Paul*, another later volume of poems, published under the title of *The Renewal of Youth and other Poems*; a Monograph on Wordsworth in the English Men of Letters Series; three volumes of Essays published by Macmillan, one called *Classical*, another *Modern*, and the third *Science and a Future Life*.

A great part of the introductory matter to two large volumes published by the Society for Psychical Research, under the name *Phantasms of the Living*, is from his pen; and the fifteen volumes of Proceedings of that Society are full of his writing. He also wrote the preface to Shelley in Ward's collection of English Poets.

I am not competent to speak of his writings from the point of view of a man of letters, but I asked my colleague the Professor of Literature, Dr. Macneile Dixon, to express his opinion, and I have been favoured with the following critical gem:

"If students of literature hold resolutely by the touchstone of style, it is because they find in it a promise of all the major virtues,



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a sure mark of the distinguished mind. Amid to-day's welter of uncontrolled and purposeless verbiage, such work as that of Myers is doubly precious; unimpaired by contact with what is weak and worthless in contemporary writing, it not only shines in itself, but carries on the noble traditions of our literature. As a man of letters, his distinction was in part due to the breadth and refinement of his scholarship, which could suffer no conventional accent, since in his ears ever sounded the language of the poets who were his lifelong companions, and since he moved along the difficult paths of philosophical speculation as one familiar with the high things of the intellectual world.

His style, always choice, always charged, even surcharged, with thought, kindled when it touched a subject near his heart into a flame of brilliance; his phrases vibrated in unison with his feelings. Eminent as scholar, psychologist, poet, as a critic of poetry, if quality alone be the test of work, he must be assigned a place not far below the best. He took his readers captive, not only because his knowledge was profound, his instinct unfailing, but because by reason of the emotional and imaginative sympathy with his author of which he was capable, there is heard in him the note of an almost passionate appreciation, of which I believe the palmary example in our language is the *Essay on Virgil*. Myers claimed for poetry, as indeed for all high art—and I do not think the future will disallow the claim—that though its oracles are not those of a passionless reason or a studious enquiry, they are none the less authentic revelations that well up from some unfathomed depth of being, the divine enclasping region where are wrought the web and the woof of our mortal life and destiny. There are few, I think, among those who concern themselves seriously with literature who have not felt his charm, his dignity, his inspiration, and who have not compared with some disquietude their own coldness with his strenuous allegiance to the best of which the mind of man has vision."

The main work of Myer's life lay in a scientific direction, in

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connection with experimental psychology and study of the faculties, especially the more unrecognised and obscure faculties, of human nature. In this field he had no equal; and his right judgment of these matters, attained after nearly forty years of study, has yet to appear in two posthumous volumes which he has left almost ready for the press. His nomenclature, necessitated by the novelty of the phenomena considered, will dominate the new science henceforward.

The labours of the Society founded by Barrett, Gurney, Myers, and Sidgwick, and of which Mr. Ruskin was an interested and honorary member, have resulted in the scientific establishment of "Telepathy," or communication between mind and mind by other than the customary organs of sense. And the luminous hypothesis by which Myers succeeded in unifying a large number of at first sight strange and unfamiliar and in some cases almost incredible facts, was his hypothesis of an enlarged personality or subliminal self belonging to each individual, of which only a portion was manifested here and now through the material body which serves as its temporary instrument of manifestation. By this hypothesis he was able to recognise the connecting thread running through the otherwise isolated and detached phenomena of abnormal memory, multiple personality, clairvoyant vision, hallucinations, trance-lucidity, automatisms, self suggestions, hypnotism, dreams, and the waking visions of genius. Moreover this theory of an enlarged existence, of which we are only conscious of a part here and now, led him to an acceptance though with much modification of the old Platonic idea of pre-existence in some fashion, and in a very real fashion of post-existence, so that for him on scientific grounds, as for many on religious grounds, death was a mere physical event: it was an adversity which must happen to the body, but it was not one of those evil things which may assault and hurt the soul.

An important and momentous event truly, even as birth is; a temporary lapse of consciousness, even as trance may be; a

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waking up to strange and new surroundings, like a more thorough emigration than any that can be undertaken on a planet; but a destruction or lessening of power no whit. Rather an enhancement of existence, an awakening from this earthly dream, a casting off of the trammels of the flesh, and putting on of a body more adapted to the needs of an emancipated spirit, a wider field of service, a gradual opportunity of re-uniting with the many who have gone before. So he believed, on what he thought a sure foundation of experience, and in the strength of that belief he looked forward hopefully to perennial effort and unending progress:

“Say, could aught else content thee? which were best,  
After so brief a battle an endless rest,  
Or the ancient conflict rather to renew,  
By the old deeds strengthened mightier deeds to do.”

Such was his faith: by this he lived, and in this he died. Religious men in all ages have had some such faith, perhaps a more restful and less strenuous faith; but to Myers the faith did not come by religion: he would have described himself as one who walked by sight and knowledge rather than by faith, and his eager life-long struggle for knowledge was in order that he might by no chance be mistaken.

To some, conviction of this kind would be impossible—they are the many who know not what science is; to others, conviction of this kind seems unnecessary—they are the favoured few who feel that they have grasped all needed truth by revelation or by intuition. But by a few here and there, even now, this avenue to knowledge concerning the unseen is felt to be open. Myers believed that hereafter it would become open to all. He knew that the multitude could appreciate science no more, perhaps less, than they can appreciate religion; but he knew further that when presently any truth becomes universally accepted by scientific men, it will penetrate downwards and be accepted by ordinary persons, as they now accept any other established doctrine, such

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as the planetary position of the earth in the solar system or the evolution of species, not because they have made a study of the matter, but because it is a part of the atmosphere in which they were born.

If continuity of existence and intelligence across the gulf of death really can ever be thus proved, it surely is a desirable and worthy object for science to aim at. There be some religious men of little faith who resent this attempted intrusion of scientific proof into their arena, as if they had a limited field which could be encroached upon. Those men do not realise, as Myers did, the wealth of their inheritance. They little know the magnitude of the possibilities of the universe, the unimagined scope of the regions still, and perhaps for ever, beyond the grasp of what we now call science.

Nor was it only upon material things that he looked with the eye of prescience and of hope. I never knew a man so hopeful concerning his ultimate destiny. Infinite progress, infinite harmony, infinite love, these were the things which filled and dominated his existence: limits for him were repellent and impossible. Limits conditioned by the flesh and by imperfection, by rebellion, by blindness, and by error, these are obvious, these he admitted and lamented to the full; but ultimate limits, impassable barriers, cessation of development, a highest in the scale of being beyond which it was impossible to go, these he would not admit, these seemed to him to contradict all that he had gleaned of the essence and meaning of existence.

Principalities and Powers and on and on, up and up, without limit now and for ever, this was the dominant note of his mind; and if he seldom used the word God except in poetry, or employed the customary phrases, it was because everything was so supremely real to him; and God, the personified totality of existence, too blinding a conception to conceive.

For practical purposes something less lofty served, and he could return from cosmic speculations to the simple everyday life, which

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is for all of us the immediate business in hand, and which, if patiently pursued, seemed to him to lead to more than could be desired or deserved :

“Live thou and love! so best and only so  
Can thy one soul into the One Soul flow,—  
Can thy small life to Life's great centre flee,  
And thou be nothing, and the Lord in thee.”

In all this I do not say he was right—who am I to say that such a man was right or wrong?—but it was himself: it was not so much his creed as himself. He with his whole being and personality, at first slowly and painfully, with many rebuffs and after much delay and hesitation, but in the end richly and enthusiastically, rose to this height of emotion, of conviction, and of serenity; though perhaps to few he showed it.

“Either we cannot or we hardly dare  
Breathe forth that vision into earthly air;  
And if ye call us dreamers, dreamers then  
Be we esteemed amid you waking men;  
Hear us or hear not as ye choose; but we  
Speak as we can, and are what we must be.”

Not that he believed easily: let no man think that his faith came easily and cost him nothing. He has himself borne witness to the struggle, the groanings that could not be uttered. His was a keenly emotional nature. What he felt, he felt strongly; what he believed, he believed in no half-hearted or conventional manner. When he doubted, he doubted fiercely; but the pain of the doubt only stimulated him to effort, to struggle; to know at least the worst and doubt no longer. He was content with no half knowledge, no clouded faith, he must know or he must suffer, and in the end he believed that he knew.

## RUSKIN'S MORAL IDEAS IN HISTORY.\*

By Richard Whiteing.

**H**AVE sometimes thought that Ruskin was greatest as a social reformer. In saying this, one has to avoid the temptation of paradox, for of course his great strength was supposed to lie in his art teaching, while his social reform was long regarded as merely an amiable weakness. But art is so much a matter of impressions, though we would fain have it a thing of eternal principles, that new impressions may leave a critic still unassailable, and yet still without a school. His importance as a social reformer is that he has restored morals to political economy. What he taught is taught by everybody now. It is implicit in the action not only of Parliament but of the smallest Parish Council. They try to govern in the interests of the many, and to stand between the industrial oppressor and the oppressed. This was not a thing of his invention. On the contrary political economy in splendid isolation from ethics, against which he protested, was itself a new thing, whilst its alliance with morals was as old as civilized man. The union had grown out of fashion in his day. He simply brought it in again at the point of his magic pen.

The aim of his science of political economy was, as he once happily put it, the "production of souls of good quality." He saw that the main business of all institutions was the promotion of happiness by the culture of the moral being. He taught that you had done absolutely nothing, when you had provided merely for the man cunning in craft at the expense of his cunning in the gifts of the spirit, and that as a state with equal eye surveying all, a sort of earthly providence, it was your true business to produce character. It is by this touchstone of the promotion of character, of happiness, that he tested the whole scheme of political economy,

\* A Lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, March 6th, 1901.

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introduced by Adam Smith, and elaborated, not always happily for the reputation of the master, by his followers. If one had to put it in a still more whimsical way than his own (and, as others taught by parable, he loved to teach by surprises), one might say that his whole scheme of life was a sort of magnificent deportment, the deportment of the soul. He held that the end and aim of man's existence in this world is simply to play the game, if I may use one of the cant, but highly expressive locutions of the day. The stake is of quite minor importance; the play's the thing. The winnings are but a handful of jingling counters, but the way in which they are won or lost is the all-in-all of glory and of delight, the true rigour of the game. So he was less concerned with the output as to quantity, than with the input as to quality, in the effect of work upon the worker. As everybody knows he held that all would be right if the work were faithfully undertaken, faithfully done, done with a love of it, with a desire to make it the doer's very best. So again, to put his system in a phrase, his art of life was an art for art's sake. Here once more we have to avoid reading a merely superficial meaning into the phrase. It was not the art for art's sake of the æsthetes; it was very curiously the opposite, for its essence was moral beauty, moral endeavour. Political economy he said in effect must have virtue and not wealth for its aim, or it must cease to be. It must indeed keep this aim more steadily in view than any other science, lest it should be subdued to the grosser things it works in, as a coal-heaver must be more vigilantly cleanly than a clerk. To attempt to make it a mere science of *Soll und Haben*, irrespective of moral issues, was to be unscientific to the very last degree. He put this in his wonted way when he asked, why not poison people to get their money, as in the Middle Ages, or as in fact you sometimes do poison them now by adulteration? Why not the ancient and honourable Highland method of blackmail, down to the most artistic pocket picking? If one were arguing it for victory as in some scholastic dispute, it would really be difficult to say how these things are to be excluded



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from a science of getting rich, if that science is to exist independently of morals. Once admit that it is not independent of them, and you destroy your entire case for an economy unconditioned by anything but self-interest, for the thin end of the wedge of any moral restraint soon plays havoc with your entire fable.

At first it was Athanasius *contra mundum*. We can form no idea in our day of the rancour with which his views were assailed. *Unto this Last*, which Frederic Harrison has rightly pronounced one of his chief works, and the point of departure between his earlier and his later teaching, had to be cut short in publication in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Thackeray soon found that he had made a great mistake in engaging this star performer for his new popular entertainment. The contributions nearly wrecked the magazine, and they were stopped at all hazards. Thackeray, as a writer, with a fellow feeling for his mates, must have winced in performing this surgical operation. But he had no alternative. The foot-notes of the subsequent reprint in book form show what abuse Ruskin had to deal with. We may imagine what kind of epistolary opprobrium reached the office itself.

And yet but forty years or so stand between us and that time. Nothing could better show how fast we have moved. For while such teaching is still far from universal acceptance, it is now received with respect as the doctrine of a great and growing school. It was outside the pale of controversy then; it is well within it in our day. Ruskin is still, if you like, a heretic for the old gang of economists, but he is only an erring brother at the worst. They cannot choose but make terms with him, for his sect has really become a church. His ideas are those of every advanced school. They tincture all the programmes. He has been hardly less fortunate with his "points" than the Chartists of old. We have actually with us universal elementary education. We have State technical schools in the Science and Art Department, and other technical schools that are just as good, the creation of private enterprise fearful that the State should not go fast enough to save

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us, in the industrial struggle. I think that residents of Birmingham will not need to be reminded that we have also old age pensions, if not as an actual measure, at least as one of the questions of the day. State workshops have yet to come, perhaps even as a question. But it must be remembered that Ruskin did not ask for them as substitutes for private enterprise, but only as high exemplars of what such enterprise should be. He thought that the state work-shop should be something like a University Fellowship of labour, where good work was done in and for itself, where the conditions were not primarily those of supply and demand, but where the craftsman was in a manner endowed for the labours of research. I daresay the chief opposition to a measure of this sort would come from the workmen themselves, because at present they are not quite far sighted, perhaps not quite disinterested enough to see the importance of it. There is a tendency among them to look with suspicion on any scheme that makes the lot of the few, even of their own order, better than the lot of the many. They do not as yet see their interest in the high standard. If they were wiser I venture to think they would see it. They would see that even in the public offices as they stand, the more leisurely rules of labour and the not ungenerous scales of pay should be maintained in the interest of the workers at large. As it is they would bring down the lot of the humblest attendant in a museum or public gallery, to the exact level of the unskilled labour of their own guilds. It would be a great mistake. They should do their utmost to level up to the happier lot, and to make it a "sealed pattern" of justice and fair dealing for the benefit of all. Another of the points of his charter, State work for the unemployed has still hardly attained to the dignity of a question, since we hear of it only with long intermissions, when the frost happens to lie too long on the ground. With him, of course, it was no measure of outdoor relief. As to his other points we have actually with us the reform of the liquor laws, shorter hours, and better conditions of life generally for the worker. His principles covered all these,

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as they cover well nigh every hopeful utterance of the most advanced programme of the day.

As it is now, so was it in the beginning. We need not go back before the beginning of years, but we may remember that Plato in the first great economic treatise ever written, shows that the conflict of interests between rich and poor leads to the overthrow of the state, in other words attests his sense of the truth that the business of the legislator is to make their interests identical. Antiquity never wholly lost its grip of the problem of the ethical relations of human industry, of the danger of riches amassed purely to selfish ends. The possessionless state of the Roman plebs, and their consequent misery, due to a political economy which knew nothing but a law of self-interest, led to a total loss of the sense of patriotism, and indirectly to the destruction of the state. The New Testament is mainly concerned with the question of social justice, and from the Old one it would be easy to quote text after text to show the urgency of the claim. In short the line between Plato and Ruskin is well nigh unbroken. The early Church took up the New Testament doctrine, and enforced it in a practical adaptation to human affairs, which is sometimes startling. I think it was Chrysostom, but on this point I have no clear recollection, I know it was one of the Fathers, who wrote elaborately on the ethics of the market place. He maintained that it was a crime to sell anything of which you did not fully disclose every imperfection to the buyer. It was your business to tell him that your merchandise at the horse fair was but a spavined jade, and to show the coat on your counter on its seamy side. He knew nothing of a divided duty as between yourself and your fellow man. The obligation was one and indivisible—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to the end of the promotion of general blessedness. The attacks of St. Basil against those who acquire what they cannot possibly want, or what they cannot possibly use, in any true sense of the word, are very edifying. St. Gregory of Nyssa is exceedingly severe against the arts by which money is made to grow out of

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money, and St. Ambrose writes on the same side. These ecclesiastical sages knew as little about the subdivision of morality, as they knew about the subdivision of labour. Life was a simpler thing in all its issues, and they were able to see it whole. There was no single domain of human activity into which they did not turn their search light of conscience. They had their say not only on dogma and on morals, but on manners, and they were quite in a marked sense writers on economics. Most of the great movements that attended the development of Christian society took their character from this teaching, and were eminently economic. The movement of the Waldenses for instance, though it became essentially religious, and almost dogmatic, in its latter course, was in its origin the work of a wealthy merchant of Lyons, who was so distressed by the poverty and misery he saw around him, that he divided his goods among the poor. Whether religion led him to economics, or economics to religion was probably his own secret, but there is the fact. When the prisoners of these mountain valleys were being burned alive by the Duke of Savoy, it was their economical as well as their spiritual heresy that was under purgation by fire. Their cry was for higher relations between man and man, in life and labour as well as for the right to say their prayers in their own way. They remained impenitent while they fell by thousands in cold blood, under the swords of the mercenaries of Charles Emmanuel. It was the same thing too with the martyrs of Fra Dolcino's band before they found rest in the mercy of the stake. Men yearned for a purer religion only as part of their yearning for purer human relations all round. It was notoriously so with the Lollards. The Flemish weavers that came over to teach us their trades brought their social ideas with them, their views of justice to the workers, and John Ball's preaching was all for honesty and fair dealing and the right to live.

I said just now that there was absolutely no break between Plato and Ruskin. I might have said that there was no break till the time of Adam Smith, and I am not quite sure that I ought to

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make that exception. However, Ruskin undoubtedly saw in that great name his deadly opposite, though I think he might have been better justified in looking for it among the master's followers. It will be remembered that when he was asked to revise Sir John Lubbock's list of the Best Hundred Books, he put his pen "blot-tesquely," as he called it, right over Adam Smith's work. He had merely scratched through some of the others as injudicious. He well nigh smeared out the *Wealth of Nations*. I think he was in too much of a hurry to conclude that Smith was the apologist of selfishness, otherwise than as one holding a philosophic brief. It is quite well known that Buckle took this view. He thought that Smith had done no more than state the law of selfishness in its bearing on the acquisition of wealth as he had formerly stated the law of unselfishness in its bearing on the whole of life.

His earlier book the *Theory of Moral Sentiments* should be better known. The fame of it has been too much obscured by the brilliant success of the *Wealth of Nations*. Few of us are now aware that he could argue with as much conviction for the law of brotherhood, as he argued for the right to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the other.

To understand, says Buckle, the philosophy of this, by far the greatest of all the Scotch thinkers, both works must be taken together, and considered as one; since they are, in reality, the two divisions of a single subject. In the *Moral Sentiments* he investigates the sympathetic part of human nature; in the *Wealth of Nations* he investigates its selfish part. And as all of us are sympathetic as well as selfish; in other words, as all of us look without as well as within, and as this classification is a primary and exhaustive division of our motives to action, it is evident, that if Adam Smith had accomplished his vast design, he would at once have raised the study of human nature to a science, leaving nothing for subsequent enquirers except to ascertain the minor springs of affairs, all of which would find their place in this general scheme, and be deemed subordinate to it. None of us are exclusively selfish, and none of

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us are exclusively sympathetic. But Adam Smith separates in speculation qualities which are inseparable in reality. In his *Moral Sentiments* he ascribes our actions to sympathy; in his *Wealth of Nations* he ascribes them to selfishness. A short view of these two works will prove the existence of this fundamental difference, and will enable us to perceive that each is supplementary to the other; so that, in order to understand either it is necessary to study both.

Here Buckle has really put his finger on the blot. None of us are exclusively one thing or exclusively the other, and the attempt to reason out a system on the assumption that we are must be futile. We are creatures of mixed motive. There is as much absurdity in arguing about us on theories of abstract virtues, as there is in arguing on theories of abstract selfishness. Each condition is a mere figment of the philosophic brain. Smith's work in both kinds was in fact but a mock dialectic with the weakness inseparable from the method. But I am convinced it was a search for truth, to the end of showing that, do what you may in self-seeking, to this complexion of a regard for others you must come at last.

Even in *The Wealth of Nations* he utters a frequent cry for justice all round.

"The liberal reward of labour, therefore, as it is the necessary effect, so it is the natural symptom of increasing national wealth. The scanty maintenance of the labouring poor, on the other hand, is the natural symptom that things are at a stand, and their starving condition, that they are going fast backwards."

"Is this improvement in the circumstances of the lower ranks of the people to be regarded as an advantage or as an inconveniency to the society? The answer seems at first sight abundantly plain. Servants, labourers, and workmen of different kinds, make up the far greater part of every great political society. But what improves the circumstances of the greater part can never be regarded as an inconvenience to the whole. No society can surely be flourish-

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ing and happy of which the far greater part of the members are poor and miserable. It is but equity, besides, that they who feed, clothe and lodge the whole body of the people, should have such a share of the produce of their own labour as to be themselves, tolerably well fed, clothed and lodged."

And again, "The liberal reward of labour, as it encourages the propagation, so it increases the industry of the common people. The wages of labour are the encouragement of industry, which, like every other human quality, improves in proportion to the encouragement it receives. A plentiful subsistence increases the bodily strength of the labourer, and the comfortable hope of bettering his condition, and of ending his days perhaps in ease and plenty, animates him to exert that strength to the utmost."

His implicit argument in this work is, at the worst, that while mankind are as they are, they are better served by freedom of contract and enlightened selfishness, than by tinkering regulations in restraint of trade, which are but selfishness without light.

Says Buckle: "Convinced that, in his theory of morals, he had reasoned as accurately as possible from the principles supplied by sympathy, his capacious and insatiable mind, deeming that nothing had been done while aught remained to do, urged him to pass on to the opposite passion of selfishness, and treat it in the same manner, so that the whole domain of thought might be covered. This he did in his *Wealth of Nations*, which, though even a greater work than his *Moral Sentiments*, is equally one-sided in reference to the principles which it assumes. It assumes that selfishness is the main regulator of human affairs, just as his previous work had assumed sympathy to be so. Between the two works there elapsed an interval of seventeen years; the *Wealth of Nations* not being published till 1776. But what shows that to their author both were parts of a single scheme, is the notable circumstance, that, so early as 1753, he had laid down the principles which his later work contains. This was while his former work was still in meditation, and before it had seen the light."



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Yet it must be confessed he was sometimes terrible in his thoroughness. With equal ease he makes men naturally selfish and naturally sympathetic.

"In the *Wealth of Nations* he represents them as pursuing wealth for sordid objects, and for the narrowest personal pleasures; as formerly he represented them as pursuing it out of regard for the sentiments of others, and for the sake of obtaining their sympathy. We hear no more of this conciliatory and sympathetic spirit; such amiable maxims are altogether forgotten, and the affairs of the world are regulated by different principles. It now appears that benevolence and affection have no influence over our actions. Indeed, Adam Smith will hardly admit common humanity into his theory of motives. If a people emancipate their slaves, it is a proof, not that the people are acted upon by high moral considerations, nor that their sympathy is excited by the cruelty inflicted on these unhappy creatures. Nothing of the sort. Such inducement to conduct are imaginary, and exercise no real sway. All that the emancipation proves is, that the slaves were very few in number, and therefore small in value. Otherwise they would not have been emancipated. So, too, while in his former work he has ascribed the different systems of morals to the power of sympathy, he, in this work, ascribes them entirely to the power of selfishness."

Ruskin brushed all this aside. With superb disdain he would have none of these exercises in intellectual legerdemain. He expressed his willingness to accept Adam Smith as a speculative alternative to a more humane system, only he did not care to join in the sport.

"Observe I neither impugn nor doubt the conclusions of the science if its terms are accepted. I am simply interested in them, as I should be in those of a science of gymnastics which assumed that men had no skeletons. . . . I do not doubt the truth of this theory: I simply deny its applicability to the present phase of the world. . . . For no human actions were ever intended by the Maker of men to be guided by balances of expe-

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diency, but by balances of justice. . . . The universal law of the matter is that, assuming any given quantity of energy and sense in master and servant, the greatest material result obtainable by them will be, not through antagonism to each other, but through affection for each other; and that, if the master, instead of endeavouring to get as much work as possible from the servant, seeks rather to render his appointed and necessary work beneficial to him, and to forward his interests in all just and wholesome ways, the real amount of work ultimately done, or of good rendered by the person so cared for, will indeed be the greatest possible."

There is nothing to show that Ruskin ever saw the *Moral Sentiments*. It is certain that if he had he would have treated it with the same disdain, as being vitiated by its character of a special plea. Still it was a beautiful book, and that it was a sincere one there cannot be a doubt. It was a work of the great writer's earlier, and we cannot but feel his better self, and it abounds in passages of austere beauty, which bespeak conviction. I have strung a few examples together which have all the force of classic maxims, and most of them it will be seen are crushing as against the principle of selfishness.

"And hence it is that to feel much for others, and little for ourselves, that to restrain our selfish, and to indulge our benevolent affections, constitutes the perfection of human nature; and can alone produce among mankind that harmony of sentiments and passions in which consists their whole grace and propriety. As to love our neighbour as we love ourselves is the law of Christianity, so it is the great precept of nature to love ourselves only as we love our neighbour, or what comes to the same thing, as our neighbour is capable of loving us."

"How little interest we should take in the greatest concerns of our neighbour, how little we should be affected by whatever relates to him, if the sense of propriety and justice did not correct the otherwise natural inequality of our sentiments."

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"One individual must never prefer himself so much even to any other individual as to hurt or injure that other in order to benefit himself, though the benefit to the one should be much greater than the hurt or injury to the other."

"The most vulgar education teaches us to act, upon all important occasions, with some sort of impartiality between ourselves and others, and even the ordinary commerce of the world is capable of adjusting our active principles to some degree of propriety."

"The man of the most perfect virtue, the man whom we naturally love and revere the most, is he who joins, to the most perfect command of his own original and selfish feelings, the most exquisite sensibility both to the original and sympathetic feelings of others."

"The happiness of mankind, as well as of all other rational creatures, seems to have been the original purpose intended by the Author of Nature when he brought them into existence. No other end seems worthy of that supreme wisdom and divine benignity which we necessarily ascribe to him; and this opinion, which we are led to by the abstract consideration of his infinite perfections, is still more confirmed by the examination of the works of Nature, which seem all intended to promote happiness, and to guard against misery. But, by acting according to the dictates of our moral faculties, we necessarily pursue the most effective means for promoting the happiness of mankind, and may therefore be said in some sense, to co-operate with the Deity, and to advance as far as in our power, the plan of providence. By acting otherwise, on the contrary we seem to obstruct, in some measure, the scheme which the Author of Nature has established for the happiness and perfection of the world, and to declare ourselves, if I may say so, in some measure the enemies of God. Hence we are naturally encouraged to hope for this extraordinary favour and reward in the one case, and to dread his vengeance and punishment in the other."

"The wise and virtuous man is at all times willing that his own

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private interest should be sacrificed to the public interest of his own particular order of society. He is at all times willing too, that the interest of the order or the society should be sacrificed to the greater interest of the state or sovereignty of which it is only a subordinate part; he should, therefore, be equally willing that all those inferior interests should be sacrificed to the greater interest of the universe, to the interest of that great Society of all sensible and intelligent beings, of which God himself is the immediate administrator and director. If he is deeply impressed with the habitual and thorough conviction that this benevolent and all wise Being can admit into the system of his government no partial evil which is not necessary for the universal good, he must consider all the misfortunes which may befall himself, his friends, his society, or his country, as necessary for the prosperity of the universe, and, therefore, as what he ought not only to submit to with resignation, but as what he himself, if he had known all the connections and dependencies of things ought sincerely and devoutly to have wished for."

The truth is that Smith took, on the one hand, the fact of selfishness, and on the other, the aspiration for blessedness, and for argumentative purposes consented to treat them with equal respect. Yet while demonstrating that, if you did the selfish things, and showed due diligence in doing them, it would make you rich, he did not necessarily argue that you ought to do them. A statement of the law of selfishness is not an exhortation to the practice. Smith, goaded by the folly of the old laws for labourers, made mostly in a narrow interest, whatever may have been the earlier origin of them, said, just let it alone, and leave all to the wholesome action of self-seeking. We must take his *Wealth of Nations* in relation to its time, as indeed all books are to be taken. He found industry fettered by a thousand foolish regulations, which hindered its natural expansion in every direction, and his first cry was naturally for perfect freedom. If those who followed him chose to alter it into their awful doctrine of selfishness as an

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end and aim, that was no business of his. That they did so is only too well-known. The fetters from industry were removed: enormous prosperity followed, but those whom he had made prosperous chose to distort his work, into an exhortation of almost biblical authority, in favour of greed and *laissez faire*. The misery of the operatives who built up the cotton industry, makes one of the darkest pages in our industrial annals. The world was startled when the wretched Robert Glencoe told in his evidence before the Royal Commission, how he had stolen away from his loom, to eat the very potato peelings from the hog tub. It was startled when it heard that the mill hands, men and women, boys and girls, were housed in rooms in which they lived in virtual promiscuity, their toil hardly broken by enforced rest on the Sabbath day. It was greed that did these things, and not Adam Smith, who still sought to attain a moral end without morals. So true is it that man is an essentially moral animal, and even in his degradation cannot live without moral law. The mill owners had to reconcile their abominations to themselves, and they tried to believe that in perpetrating them they were contributing to the prosperity of the state. Ruskin broke the tables of their law, as Smith would have broken them, could he have foreseen to what uses his work was to be put, nay, as indeed he did break them by anticipation, in the splendid earlier treatise, which showed that he was one of the noblest of men, as well as one of the finest of thinkers. Ruskin, if he had known of that treatise, perhaps even if he had duly read the *Wealth of Nations*, would never "blottesquely" or otherwise have erased the latter work from his list of world classics. He would simply have added to it the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, as one of the most precious of the ethical charters of mankind. Yet all the greater honour to Ruskin that, with his uncritical idea of the real significance of this tremendous name, he should have done what he could, purely on his own volition to oust Smith from the empire of selfishness that was so unrighteously won in his name and to demonstrate what, I may

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say, Smith would never have denied, that the maxim, "Business is business" is truly one of the greatest lies of all time.

We need go no farther than the town in which we now are to see what his teaching has done. This is the very spirit of Ruskin's teaching. It is not as so many suppose that he taught a crude socialism, or that he was in favour of any wild cat scheme for the division of property. All that he did teach was that property was a sacred trust, that certain persons by their very nature and the constitution of their minds would always have more of it than others, and that all that they had to do to justify the possession of it to themselves was to win it and use it mainly for the common good. Well that doctrine is beginning to be everybody's doctrine now. Mr. Carnegie periodically unloads some of his superfluous millions in works of beneficence in the United States. He is but one of many busy founders there who are doing with their property, in the founding of institutions of learning, what our forefathers did with theirs in the Middle Ages, and who will one day give America an Oxford as they have already given it a Cambridge. Ruskin taught, and was very true to that teaching, the uses of wealth as one of the finest of fine arts. He looked on property as a great stewardship, as some of the wisest are beginning to look upon it too. In your corporate life here in Birmingham much has been done by keeping these truths steadily in view.

The innermost truth of Ruskinism is that, even when a man has sought only his own emancipation, he has still never been able to win it but by a partial acceptance of the altruistic idea. He has found that he has had to work for others if only to get them to work for him. Just in proportion as he has worked for them has been his gain in their co-operation. So here is altruism again as a vital force, working by a sort of necessity to justice for all. Ruskin insisted in putting the altruistic idea into political economy. He has rather restored it to its old place. The evidence on this point seems to me overwhelming. The whole tendency of politics and legislation in modern cities is to swing round from what we

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call the doctrines of the Manchester School. Unrestricted competition is doomed as a vital force in politics. You find it nowhere, certainly not in this country which was supposed to be the home of it. For us State Aid in one form or another is omnipresent. We educate freely. We step in, in one part of the kingdom at least, between landlord and tenant, and arrange their bargains. We accept, in principle, the state responsibility for the well-being of every citizen. I have tried to show that the doctrines of the Manchester School should really not be imputed to Adam Smith himself. He, rightly speaking, does not bear the responsibility for them. The School itself had to relinquish them almost as soon as they were formed, or at any rate the nation had to step in between the people and the theories of the economist. The art of getting rich in and by and for itself, without regard to any other consideration, was soon seen to be one of those things that are contrary to public policy. It is hardly fair play to quote Ruskin before the Society of the Rose, but a few words of his splendid prose would seem fitly to bring this lecture to an end. Let us take them as they are to be found in the final pages of *Unto this Last*.

"As the art of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary; the wild flower by the wayside, as well as the tended corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest, as well as the tended cattle; because man does not live by bread only, but also by the desert manna; by every wondrous word and unknowable work of God. . . . What is chiefly needed in England at the present day is to show the quantity of pleasure that may be obtained by a consistent, well-administered competence, modest, confessed, and laborious. We need examples of people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek—not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity; making the first of possessions, self-possession; and honouring themselves in the harmless pride and calm pursuits of peace.



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Of which lowly peace it is written that 'justice and peace have kissed each other;' and that the fruit of justice is 'sown in peace of them that make peace;' not 'peace-makers' in the common understanding—reconcilers of quarrels (though that function also follows on the greater one); put peace-Creators; Givers of Calm. Which you cannot give unless you first gain; nor is this gain one which will follow assuredly on any course of business, commonly so called . . . . Care in no wise to make more of money, but care to make much of it; remembering always the great, palpable, inevitable fact—the rule and root of all economy—that what one person has, another cannot have; and that every atom of substance, of whatever kind, used or consumed, is so much human life spent; which, if it issue in the saving present life, or gaining more, is well spent, but if not is either so much life prevented, or so much slain. In all buying, consider, first, what condition of existence you cause in the producers of what you buy; secondly, whether the sum you have paid is just to the producer, and in due proportion, lodged in his hands; thirdly, to how much clear use, for food, knowledge, or joy, this that you have bought can be put; and fourthly, to whom and in what way it can be most speedily and serviceably distributed; in all dealings whatsoever insisting on entire openness and stern fulfilment; and in all doings, on perfection and loveliness of accomplishment; especially on fineness and purity of all marketable commodity. . . . And if, on due and honest thought over these things, it seems that the kind of existence to which men are now summoned by every plea of pity and claim of right, may, for some time at least, not be a luxurious one, consider whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world. Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all, and by the help of all; but luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant: the cruelest man living could not sit at his feast unless he sat blindfolded. Raise the veil boldly; face the light; and if, as yet, the

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light of the eye can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come, and the kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread, and bequest of peace, shall be 'Unto this last as unto thee;' and when, for earth's severed multitudes of the wicked and the weary, there shall be holier reconciliation than that of the narrow home, and calm economy, where the Wicked cease—not from trouble, but from troubling—and the Weary are at rest."

THE EXHIBITION OF RUSKIN DRAWINGS AT THE  
GALLERY OF THE ROYAL WATERCOLOUR SOCIETY;  
FEBRUARY, 1901.

By M. H. Spielmann.

 O us who have bound ourselves into a great confraternity joined in praise of Ruskin, it would be strange to think of him as a mitigated failure. Yet that he sometimes believed himself to be so there is little doubt, even though we make allowance for little fits of depression, little outbursts of mock-bitterness, little touches of quaint half-artificial vanity. Self-accused of a somewhat misspent life, he would now and again lament the line he had mainly followed: he might have been the first geologist in England, he would say, had he not been drawn away by art; he might have been esteemed as something more than an amusing talker, he might have been acclaimed a great teacher, had he only marshalled his listeners as disciples; he "might have done something" in art, had he not attempted word-painting and pen-preaching. "Not that I should have done anything great," he told me, "but I could have made such beautiful records of things. It is one of the greatest chagrins of my life."

The exhibition which has lately vindicated Ruskin's position among the artists of the day proves how vastly he under-estimated his actual accomplishment, even were he not unjust in his criticism of his own powers. Not fewer than 459 items appear in the catalogue; and it is understood that the offer of at least two hundred more was declined for want of space. How many more examples were unsought, how many remain in private hands, unthought of, inaccessible, how many are floating about "the market," there is no means of ascertaining; but the facts recounted in Mr. Collingwood's *Life* prove that the sum total must amount to many hundreds.

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This exhibition moved the vast concourse of visitors in different ways. Those who, like Sir Edward Poynter at the time he was delivering his Slade lectures at University College, had thought Ruskin ignorant of the practice of art, were astounded at his mastery. Those who had believed him a mere sketcher were not less surprised at the completeness and accomplishment of his execution, the comprehensiveness of his conception, and the keenness of his insight. Those, on the other hand, who had thought of him as ranking among the water-colourists of the day, were disillusioned, perhaps a little disappointed, at the absence of the pictorial element. Those who expected to find pictorial analogies to the passages of rhapsody and denunciation in the master's books were made to feel that in art Ruskin aimed at delicacy of manner and exquisiteness of feeling rather than at vigour of execution. The few (alas, so few!) who are familiar with the Oxford set, or who had private acquaintance with the Professor's work in his own possession, and those who remembered the two or three that were exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery many years ago knew more or less what they might expect. But all came away impressed beyond all anticipation at the extraordinary display of artistic achievement, at the great mass of evidence of artistic knowledge, power, and sentiment. They recognised in it a great pictorial autobiography set open for their eyes to read. They realised in it a demonstration of Ruskin's principles of art, of criticism, and of life; and saw with their own eyes the poetry which an artist may find in a shapeless rock, a bird's breast feather, a weather-worn boss or finial, or a splinter of stone. To the reader of Ruskin the Exhibition possessed a further interest of a literary sort, for there were seen notes, sketches, studies, and drawings that were made for many of his books, old friends with engraved faces, which we know in connection with *Modern Painters*, *Seven Lamps*, *Stones of Venice*, *Poetry of Architecture*, *Examples of Modern Architecture*, *Præterita*, *Proserpina*, *Verona*, as well as the *Poems*, *Studies in both Arts*, Mr. Collingwood's *Life*, Mr. E. T. Cook's *Studies*,

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and the *Magazine of Art*. This inspiring and revealing exhibition had been made up from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn at Brantwood, Mr. Robert E. Cunliffe, Mr. George Allen, Sir John Simon, and fifteen other lenders. Only fifteen! The catalogue, as an inventory of Ruskin's art work, is therefore very incomplete: but as a record of work done, whether in reverent elaboration or in "pictorial shorthand," it is a monument that extorts the admiration of every intelligent observer.

But although these drawings were restricted in number, they fairly covered every class of work which Ruskin practised, and every method as well. We had water-colour, pen and ink, wash, pencil, and etching. We had examples of his various phases—the Proutesque, the Hardingesque, the Turner-esque, and, above all, the Ruskinian. Architecture, sky-study, colour-study, botany, mineralogy, portraiture, landscape, natural history, picture making, picture copying; mountain form, tree-development and flower-growth, stone carving—the whole Ruskin was there, set out, so to speak, in the sunlight, with all his great merits and with all his lesser artistic defects ready to the eye of the public.

The only fault that could be found with the exhibition—a serious one in my opinion—was in the matter of arrangement. There was no attempt at chronological order. The true value of such a display, the real lesson to be read in it from which others might profit, the real demonstration by which the biographer, historian, or student might obtain a really complete grasp of the principle underlying Ruskin's art, these lay in an accurate understanding of the development of that art under the influence of the man's own natural growth and of his temperamental change of view in the light of his studies and his friendships. This valuable opportunity was unfortunately neglected for minor reasons of general effect or convenience, so that a confused idea is what many have taken away with them. It is strange perhaps that Ruskin, the man of method and classification, should have been the victim of the proverbial irony of fate, and that no one should have thought to do

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for him what he so gladly and so laboriously accomplished for Turner.

Yet there is a charm in the haphazard, even though the mind is entertained by it rather than instructed. The memory, "unforced to learn but free to roam," will bring back most vividly to the recollection of the visitor a score of drawings out of the delightful chaos which, for one reason or another, stand out beyond the rest. There are the copies of the Old Masters which Ruskin made for self-instruction in art-criticism, rather than in painting. These include the Masaccio, "The Tribute Money" in Santa Maria del Carmine, Florence, drawn in 1845; the sketches from Turner's "Sun of Venice," "for which," Ruskin writes upon them, "I got turned out by the police" (from the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1843); "The Family of Paul Veronese (1859); the studies after Luini and Tintoret ("Adoration of the Magi"); and the extremely happy figure of "Zipporah" in Botticelli's second fresco in the Sistine Chapel (1874). This is a figure that would particularly attract Ruskin and stimulate his imagination; for the graceful figure of the maiden stands among her maidens and holds in her hand the distaff and the fruit, symbolising honest labour and its reward—the burden and refrain of all Ruskin's preaching. Then, too, we remember the pathetic little notes on the margin of some of these drawings: on that of "Rouen, Entrance to the North Transept on the Right" we read "Meant to have been a good drawing; abandoned after the first sitting;" on "Lauffenbourg, 1863," we see, "I got into a great mess with the rocks in this drawing;" and on yet another we are told that he stopped "tired."

Now, I take these as being sketches—not unfinished as the mere memoranda of other artists—illustrative of one of the principle limitations and defects in the Professor's character. In order to explain the point I must repeat what I have written elsewhere. Professor von Herkomer once said to me "Ruskin never finishes his work to the edges." He referred merely to the drawings; but I take the remark as containing a deeper and wider truth than

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the speaker at the moment intended. It is not in drawing alone that Ruskin did not finish his work "to the edges"—and he knew it, and it saddened him. We see it in the books he has left incomplete, in the synthetic social schemes and literary series he devised and left half undone. As an artist, like the philosopher he was, he was analytical rather than complete, having spread himself over everything, interested himself in everything, and quick to yield to the attractions of a new subject when it presented itself, often dropping an old one to turn to it. Among his drawings are exceptions, few but certainly notable, to this unfortunate peculiarity of "unfinishedness"—but they are not numerous enough to destroy the rule. It is powerfully significant of Ruskin that with his vivid mentality, his refinement, his broad, stern morality, self-restraint, industry, and sense of duty and submission, he should have failed to force himself to complete what he had begun.

It is obvious that this tendency to incompleteness is the result partly of his natural impatience or enthusiasm of temperament, and partly of the scientific basis on which he built up his artistic creed. For although he would recoil before no trouble, before no expenditure of pains and care, once he obtained the *main object* of the work on which he was engaged, he was content to leave the rest. To a friend who asked him why he did not complete a landscape of which only the middle was elaborated, he replied, "Oh, I've no time to do the tailoring!" He possessed infinite patience for what immediately interested him, and the rest to him was useless. He would not trouble about backgrounds, he would not trouble about skies. Yet, as we know, skies interested him extremely—from the beginning to the end he cared for them and, as he called it, he even "bottled" them, on paper; but as a pictorial background to his own landscape sketches, they nearly always seemed to him to be a negligible accessory.

In truth, Ruskin regarded Art as the flower of Science and Morality; but as a record, not as a spontaneous expression of sen-



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suous delight. At least, as we see, his own art was so; and the art that was in it consisted of the "style" and manner of presentation. "I am no poet," he said; "I have no imagination." For this reason, perhaps, he leaned too heavily upon his models from the beginning. First upon Prout, as shown in the "Innsbrück" (1835), and in the well-drawn "Prentice's Pillar, Roslin" (1838), and even in the "Casa Manin and Casa Grimani, Venice" (1870). Then upon Harding, as in the summary, characteristic "Sunset over Baveno from the Lake" (1845). Then upon Copley Fielding, and upon Turner. Of Ruskin's admiration of the great landscapist proof is to be found in many examples, but in none so clearly as the "Amboise"—the remarkable drawing to which Ruskin has specially referred in *Præterita* (Vol. II, chap. iv). In this memory sketch there is no lack of imagination. The ruins rise high above the swift flowing river and mount up, up into the sky, a castle, surmounting a lofty crag, being crowned with a delightful bit of gothic architecture, richly carved. But so imaginative is the drawing, that while the sun shines full at the spectators, the other side of the castle basks in the rays of some high-hung luminary. I may be told that the orb facing us is the moon; but that can hardly be the case, for the moon's rays are not strong enough, soon after noon on a sunny day, to cast strong lights through the arches of the bridge, with corresponding reflections. Whatever the truth may be, the drawing is of exquisite workmanship which would not have done discredit, as a drawing, to the master who inspired it. But it is in none of these that we must look for the real Ruskin. We find him in all the lovely studies of landscape and town, of valley and market-place, of palace and crag, of feather and crystal. The delicate pencil, instinctively rendering the subtlest curve, the faintest shadow, the most elegant form; the sensitive pen and the brush full-charged with delicate tints, tackling any subjects (or more often, objects) that he had some deliberate purpose in rendering—these reveal Ruskin the artist. These, indeed, are personal.

It is true, and it is a pity, that many of his most exquisite draw-

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ings savour, however slightly, of the diagrammatic. There is always some object beyond the beauty of the drawing at which he aims; it is never of his own performance that Ruskin thinks most. If he draw a mountain (as in "The North Side of the Valley of Chamouni") it is to show the beauty of that mountain, but not the beauty of his own handiwork; and if paint colour, as in the lovely "Crab" (belonging to the University of Oxford), and still more in the "Australian Opal" belonging to Brantwood, it is to show the glory which God put there, and not his own skill in reproducing it. No drawing, perhaps, in the whole collection is more remarkable than the study of an old carved alabaster slab, "Part of the Base of a Pilaster in the Church of Our Lady of Miracles" (first exhibited, we are told, at the Royal Institution in 1870), a masterpiece in colour, texture, and quality, yet so modestly put down that few, perhaps, have accorded to it the reverence it deserves. We thus have in his art ample testimony that he practised the humility he preached—for it was not his skill but that of others, and the loveliness of Creation that it was his object to display. In his studies of banks and mosses, of glaciers and clouds, of flowers and ferns, of towering mountain and eddying river, and lake of pure transparent blue, in all we are made to feel that deliberate accuracy of effect is the main intention and the sole inspiration. As we looked into these works ranged around, and sought out the broad and simple touchstone of them all, we found it in the Master's own axiom—"All great Art is Praise."

What this principle cost him in actual achievement, what it lost him of certain æsthetic joys, what limitations it set to his hand and to his perceptions—all this is too patent to need exposition. When an artist intellectually accords, among his subjects, equal importance to a crab and to a sunset, to a crystal and to Mont Blanc, to a leaf and to a forest, to a carved stone and to a mighty cathedral, the indifference to artistic proportion and perspective in the significance of things cannot seem but detract from the artistic effect. The subject of the exquisite drawing of "A Feather" (lent by Miss E.

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G. Crum), has moved the artist—and indeed it is a fine work of art—as much as the wonderful monochrome “Gneiss Rock in Glenfinlas” (1853), or the still more extraordinary study in colour of the rocks and water at the same spot, owned by Mrs. Arthur Severn—an unsurpassable little work, with its flora and its stones, and its lovely little bit of landscape and blue sky in the right-hand corner.

But all these things are frankly transcripts: so is the beautiful and extremely suggestive “Old Bridge of Lucerne” (1862)—a fine bit of Ruskinian colour and structural appreciation, and “In the Pass of Killiecrankie” (1857), and, again, “Mountains at the Head of the Lake of Geneva” (from the Brantwood Collection). They all prove imagination—but that kind of imagination which completely grasps the significance and the beauty of the thing seen; but not that kind which can create; else, perhaps, we should get the confusion I referred to in “Amboise.” As Ruskin said himself, “I am no poet—I have no imagination.” That was not wholly true; but his love of scientific truth kept him from letting loose his fancy. His tendency in his own work was to throw upon Nature the responsibility of any discordance in pictorial elements: this he seems to have thought preferable to correcting Nature and setting the thing pictorially right. He loved composition in the works of other painters—“the quality of all others,” he says somewhere, “which gives me delight in pictures.” But it is difficult to imagine him taking such liberties with the landscape as Turner took, for example, and Ruskin himself applauded, in his “Lucerne.” Thus it comes about (if I may repeat myself) that Ruskin’s flowers are poetic botany, his skies poetic meteorology, his rocks poetic geology, and his arabesques poetic geometry—the love of science underlying all, even the exquisite handling, the delicate elaboration, the frequent purity and vividness of his transparent washes, the delightful and entirely individual quality of his body colour—what in Fred Walker’s case he called “miniature fresco.” But poetic fact no more produces true imagination than poetic realism gives

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us idealism. Ruskin's relation to fact and truth prevented him from becoming a "complete" painter; he was too much of a philosopher to become an artist, just as he was too much of an artist to be a true and complete philosopher.

Yet it was not temperamental impatience, nor a lack of staying power which led Ruskin to leave undone so many of his drawings. All that was a question of mood. The beautiful and exquisite pencil drawing of "Abbeville" (lent by the University of Oxford) shows infinite patience, knowledge of construction, power of drawing, accuracy, exquisiteness of touch, appreciation, breadth of view—the very atmosphere of the old market-place is truthfully rendered, as truthfully and as beautifully as the lovely old cathedral that towers above the pointed roofs, with all its richness of stone embroidery. And yet it must be admitted that not even this drawing is "finished to the edges"—any more than the others of the group with which I always associate it: the "Casa Contarini, Venice," and the "Court of the Doges' Palace, Venice" (1841). None of them, it is true, is finished all over, but they are all finished enough for complete effect, and, besides, they were intended as pencil studies for detail, more closely approximating to Turner, perhaps, than Prout. The love of Prout, as he told me, was always with him; of Turner he sometimes tired a little, but of Prout never. Yet in his finest drawings, technically considered, he was—as is every real master—like no one but himself. His drawing of the Chapel of St. Mary of the Thorn of Pisa (belonging to Oxford, not here exhibited) is Ruskin and no one else—otherwise, perhaps, there would have been some effort at picture-making instead of self-abnegation as complete as the individuality of the artist allowed. So, too, is the famous drawing, "La Riccia, near Albano" (lent by Mr. Cunliffe), characteristic of Ruskin, alone. Generally speaking, his Proutesque manner belonged to his early years, to the thirties and early forties. It is true that traces of the same influence may be seen in some of the later works, but these may be considered as echoes rather than as per-

## THE EXHIBITION OF RUSKIN DRAWINGS.

sonal qualities, for Ruskin's representative drawings can never be mistaken for the work of any other hand. Even the Hardingesque influence must be accepted as representing the transitional period, linking the Prout imitation to that of Turner. It was doubtless the latter—his drawings rather than the oils—that educated Ruskin's colour-sense which was not generally so delicate and even so subtle as we sometimes saw it to be in the exhibition. He understood washes; stronger colour was in his hands apt to become harsh. His eye, it almost seemed, was constitutionally adapted to the better appreciation in his own work of simple than of complex colour-arrangement; colour-effect, atmospheric quality, pearly tones, and the like, seem to have affected him less.

Perhaps the most notable limitation of Ruskin as an artist was his failure to study or at least to practise the drawing of the human figure. His copies prove that he could copy, not that he could draw in the sense that a painter can draw who understands the human frame and the human muscles. Even his portraits—that of himself, or the other of Miss Hilliard, or the pencil head of Mrs. Arthur Severn—clever as they are, betray no knowledge of anatomical construction. We do not feel the bones. Perhaps Ruskin's views were against him: he did not object to others studying from the nude, but, for his own part, he objected to "the undressedness of it." The human figure seems to be the one form in nature which he did not worship. He could appreciate it in paint on canvas, but not in flesh. The result on his own art, while leaving him his elegance, his daintiness, refinement, and grace, with all his other merits, is to rob it of the vigour one feels it lacks. He could appreciate good figure-drawing, yet from lack of practice and knowledge, there is a curious *hiatus*, a sort of effeminacy one might almost say, pervading even the strongest of his work. One of our best-known English draughtsmen went as a lad to Germany to study landscape-painting and was perplexed when his distinguished professor set him down before a skeleton: "You must draw nothing but the skeleton and the figure,"

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said the teacher: "There is no other way of learning landscape." Ruskin did not love the skeleton, and the figure he ignored. Perhaps it was that he feared that so absorbing a study might have carried him too far from the lines he had marked out to himself to follow.

In all this I have said nothing of what I believe to have been a physical peculiarity of Ruskin's, his keen, magnifying eyesight. Rosa Bonheur called it his "*œil d'oiseau*." It was, I believe, at the root of his art-performance, his art-criticism, and his art-hatreds. What he saw he thought others ought to see—perhaps did see and pretended not to. He, with his sight so far and acute in relation to objects and outlines, what could he think of Mr. Whistler, so short-sighted, in his later years, yet so sensitively sighted (far beyond Ruskin) for tones of colour? Never could these two men understand one another on account of their peculiar physical defects and merits. So Ruskin, looking at a church could see all the carvings and veining of the marble, or at a tree, could see all the leaves, and would, indeed, expect his pupils to see them likewise. Not that he was over precise in his earlier years, except in scientific drawings. I remember once Sir Henry Acland telling me that he and Ruskin were both sketching Amiens Cathedral (I think) together, and that Ruskin had finished before Sir Henry had well spaced out the statues on the tower. He drew Ruskin's attention to the fact that he, Ruskin, had not even put in the right number, and got as an explanation that he "couldn't bother." In later years, when the two friends were examining Ruskin's drawing together, for the first time in all the long interval, Acland pointed out how the error militated against the inherent value of the work as a record. Ruskin, who had forgotten all about the incident, warmly upbraided Sir Henry for not having pointed out such a mistake at the time—an illustration, as Sir Henry added, of how Ruskin's views and artistic outlook had changed as he had grown.

The etchings were not, perhaps, very remarkable. For my own part, I prefer Ruskin's soft-ground etchings, with all their heavi-

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ness and with their faults, to his more "legitimate" plates. In these, whether he is original or translating Turner, he is somewhat elementary, frequently "scratchy," too delicate in the lighter portions, and over-black in the shadow-lines. It is true that he keeps the spirit fresh, but in his handling he is apt to be fussy and trivial, and often afraid of the clean bold etched line which is the very soul and bloom of the art. Yet in beauty of mountain-drawing on the plate he has been surpassed by few.

In the exhibition, then, we had Ruskin the Artist self-revealed—as clearly as his books set forth Ruskin the Economist and the Man of Letters, with all his major virtues and minor foibles. He leaves us no option but to accord him a high place among the draughtsmen of his day, as a man of high accomplishment who, in his own work, cared more for his subject than for effect, more for the poetry of fact than for æsthetic emotion, and more for the instructive gain of his fellowmen than for his own credit or renown.



## RUSKIN HALL, OXFORD.

(Founded, July 22nd, 1899. Incorporated, June 19th, 1900.)

By Dennis Hird, M.A. (Warden).

**B**Y a natural law man resents the intrusion of anything new. Man can advance only by defying this law. Yet the law itself has been a guardian angel of the human race. It is one of the first laws of psychology that intelligence travels in grooves and few brains are plastic enough to admit of many new grooves.

This natural conservation of conservatism is nowhere more strikingly seen than in systems of education. A glance at the textbooks or the methods in use, in any old institution of learning, reveals an antiquity that is the reverse of blessed. The steps of these ancient shrines are worn into hollows by the bare knees of groping generations, and the youth who would venture to seek the tree of knowledge in some new garden, is in danger of being smitten by the flaming sword of an immortal prejudice.

Only by slow degrees is man learning that he must seek regeneration in the forces of life and not in the formulæ of the dead. Perhaps, someday, Ruskin will be recognised as a leader of men, because he guided their education and their reforms in the direction of life.

In explaining Ruskin Hall it is necessary to give dry details, because Ruskin's teaching covered such wide and different fields that an institution of education bearing his name does not of necessity deal with any particular phase of his vital teaching. Ruskin Hall, for this reason, remains either unknown or misunderstood.

It might not be correct to say that this first Labour College has something absolutely new to offer to the educational world, but its aim and method are so novel that many serious educationalists have not comprehended them. Ruskin Hall stands for what is vital as

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opposed to the mechanical and the dead. It makes no attempt to teach art—even the art of Ruskin. It is not pledged to any details of his economics or his proposed reforms.

With a rare insistence he heralded to the world a higher life where toil and thought should blend to beautify society. He was the enemy of that old culture which raised a few upon pedestals, around the bases of which groaned the slaves of want or brutality. He strove for the destruction of that false wealth which was blood-stained, and of that false art which was only a painted screen to hide human misery. All this he said in language stronger than any of his disciples dare employ. To unfold this idea of wholesome toil and vital education is the mission of Ruskin Hall to England.

It aims at placing the education of a citizen within the reach of all citizens, that they may be able to study scientifically the great social and political problems of our time. No rational attempts can be made to improve the conditions of life unless we know the facts of man's past experience and the laws which have guided his growth to civilisation. So Ruskin Hall teaches these facts and these laws in the simplest and fullest manner. All its teaching is based on Evolution, and the student is enabled to view all facts in the perspective of Evolution. He is taught that all character and all civilisation obeys this great law—the universal law of cosmic life.

There are three methods of seeking the desired end:

- I. By the education at Ruskin Hall, Oxford.
- II. By the Ruskin Hall Correspondence School.
- III. By the Ruskin Hall Extension Lectures.
- I. The work at Ruskin Hall, Oxford.

This Hall has no connection with the University. It does not give a professional, technical, or commercial education. In fact it is truly Ruskinian in its absence of commercialism. It seeks to make no profit. For 12/6 a week the student has board, lodging, and tuition. He has a life of the fewest possible restrictions. No

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questions are asked with regard to his political or religious views. He is a responsible student. He must observe, inquire, think. He selects his subject from the list of lectures. First he hears a public lecture upon it. Then, after reading up the subject, the students meet the lecturer in friendly council, called, in the Hall, "the catechetical." They lay their difficulties before the lecturer, and then he examines them to see if they have grasped all his points. On the following week the student has a set question upon which he must write his weekly essay. Finally, the lecturer goes through each essay with the student privately and points out any mistakes in fact or style.

In addition to this, each student has the daily discipline of social life. The Hall accomodates twenty-five students. In this social life the student must learn the noble art of give and take. His opinions are criticised, his eccentricities are a subject for banter.

The domestic arrangements of the Hall are in the hands of the students themselves. Each week they hold a House meeting and appoint their own officers. Each student passes in turn through the posts of official life. There are no servants, so that each student by cooking, washing up, or scrubbing floors in white aprons, learns how silly a thing is snobbery, and how exacting are the claims of household drudgery unless relieved by a simple life.

During the year 1900, lectures were given in the following subjects: Sociology, Logic, English Grammar, and Analysis, by Dennis Hird, M.A., Warden; English Constitutional History, The Art of Writing English, Class for Speaking and Public Work, by H. B. Lees Smith; English Industrial History, Political Economy, by H. F. Hall, M.A.; The Principles of Politics, Political Ideals, by W. H. Dixson, B.A.

Subsidiary Classes were also held in English Literature, French, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, and Book-keeping. In addition to these, the students have their weekly debate, musical evening and special lectures. Mr. Dennis Hird, late Rector of Eastnor, is Warden of the Hall.

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### II. The Correspondence School.

By this system Ruskin Hall can reach the homes of every man and woman. The fee for membership is only 1/- per month, and the courses have been arranged with such simplicity that usually one hour's study a day is sufficient. Students from nearly every part of the world have enrolled themselves, and though it is not two years since this system was established, over nineteen hundred students have joined. Among the subjects taught are English Constitutional History, Industrial History, Political Economy, Sociology, English Literature. Monthly outlines are furnished to each student, and other guides to his study: also a set subject is sent for the essay. The essays are carefully corrected and returned with advice suited to the student. Mr. H. B. Lees Smith is the secretary of this department.

### III. Ruskin Hall Extension School.

By the former departments Ruskin Hall seeks to place an education within reach of those who desire it, but by the Extension Lectures it goes out among men and strives to rouse "the great unconscious" to higher possibilities in life.

Besides the delivery of Lectures on the problems of citizenship, the Extension Department organises classes for serious study under the direction of the Extension lecturer and the staff at Oxford. They adhere strictly to the special ideal of Ruskin Hall that not all knowledge is power, but only that knowledge which enables a man to deal intelligently with the problems which confront him.

During the winter lectures have been given and classes organised in many of the large towns in the North of England.

Mr. Charles A. Beard, one of the Americans who founded Ruskin Hall, is the secretary of this department.

A feature of the scheme at Ruskin Hall is that there are no vacations. The courses are continuous throughout the year. On the other hand prolonged residence is unnecessary in the case of those who can afford only a brief experiment. Students may enter

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at any time for a period not less than one month; though they are expected to fix the period of their residence on admission, or at least to give a month's notice before leaving. The sole entrance qualifications are good health, good moral character certified by two written testimonials, and ability to read intelligently. There is no age limit; there is no creed test. No servants are kept at the Hall; and it must be considered a part of the scheme—and one that will most nearly remind the reader of Ruskin himself—that each student at the Hall is expected to work two hours a day at cooking, cleaning, and other household tasks. He has, on the other hand, as we have seen, his free voice in the management of the house, so far as these domestic arrangements are concerned.

Married men, women, and other persons unable to reside at Ruskin Hall may take other lodgings, and enter classes on the same terms as resident members: one course £2 2s. a year.

Ruskin Hall does not aim at enabling its students to "get on." It does not wish to turn honourable working men into superfluous journalists or school masters. Each student is stimulated to seek knowledge in order to help his fellowmen; and nothing has so greatly cheered us in our work as the splendid evidence which our students' letters have given that they are striving to realise this ideal.

Here is an extract from the letter of a cotton factory hand, anxious to join our Correspondence School:

"Will you advise me as to the best course of study to make me more fit for the increasing opportunities of service among my fellows? I want the best equipment possible, but I am finding more every day I live how ignorant I am."

"I am only a mechanic," writes one, "yet I should like my contribution to life to be something that will help to raise the standard of life of the working classes."

Another speaks in the true spirit of public work: . . . "One thing which, more than another, makes me anxious to improve myself, is the ever growing need for educated working-men as leaders,

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advisers, and helpers in things both political and social, in order that we may be able to keep abreast of our times in the management of our Trades Unions and Co-operative Societies, for through these channels we may accomplish still greater things for the toilers. . . ."

A grocer's manager tells the simple philosophy of his life: "I believe in a lofty aim. Supposing that aim is never realised, I shall make a better finish than if I lived an aimless life."

A butcher writes: "I should like to improve myself so as to be of more use to myself and my family of eight lads and lasses."

A postman tells us of his ambitions: . . . "I want to be able to make others think, and I believe that to do this I must be able to think clearly myself. I cannot afford much for books—postmen are not capitalists—but I am willing to do my level best. . . ."

The tie of affection which binds us at Ruskin Hall to our students in all parts of the world reveals itself in the letters of comradeship and gratitude which we receive every day.

Finally, it may interest the reader to know the names of those composing our Council or Governing Body. They are these:

Walter Vrooman (Founder and President): Mrs. Walter Vrooman (Foundress): Edward Caird, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D., Master of Balliol College, Oxford: F. York Powell, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford University: Henry Goudy, D.C.L., Regius Professor of Civil Law, Oxford University: Rev. J. B. Paton, D.D., President of the National Home-Reading Union: Rev. J. Bruce Wallace, M.A., Pastor, Brotherhood Church, Southgate Road, London, N.: J. Keir Hardy, M.P.: Miss Agnes Grace Weld, Conal More, Oxford: C. W. Bowerman, General Secretary, London Society of Compositors, Chairman Parliamentary Committee, Trade Union Congress, Charles Hobson, J.P., C.C., of the Sheffield Affiliated Kindred Trades; Member Parliamentary Committee, Trade Union Congress: Alexander Wilkie, J.P., General Secretary, Associated Society of Shipwrights, Member Parliamentary Committee, Trade Union Congress: J. Mac-

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donald, Secretary, London Trades Council: and Geo. N. Barnes, General Secretary, Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

If the details here given should by chance stir anyone to help us—and our need of help, both in small and great matters, is, as may be guessed, not small—he will find ample information as to the channels in which that help, great or small, may be most usefully directed, by applying direct to the Warden at Ruskin Hall, Oxford.



## RUSKIN'S THEORY OF THE IDEAL IN ART.\*

By Edmund G. Sykes.

**A**LL human things," says Carlyle, "do require to have an Ideal in them, to have some Soul in them, were it only to keep the body unputrified. And wonderful it is to see how the Ideal or Soul, place it in what ugliest body you may, will irradiate said body with its own nobleness, will gradually, incessantly, mould, modify, new-form or re-form said ugliest body, and make it at last beautiful, and to a certain degree divine."

In no department of human activity is the truth of this observation more clearly apparent than in the Fine Arts. So long as the artist continues to strive after a definite Ideal, assuming that it is an Ideal which possesses vital power, and is not merely an academic formula, and assuming also, of course, that he has sufficient technical knowledge to enable him to express his ideas in a clear and attractive form, his work will possess a certain interest and value, even though the Ideal be in itself defective; but so soon as he rests content with his achievements, and no longer endeavours to attain a higher level, his work commences to decline both in interest and importance. "A man's reach must exceed his grasp: or what's a Heaven for?"

All the great Art of past ages has been animated by some definite Ideal. The Ancient Egyptians strove after structural massiveness and power and solemnity of aspect: "their voice is as the voice of the sea," says Lord Lindsay, "or as that of 'many peoples' shouting in unison:" the Ancient Greeks endeavoured to attain perfection of bodily form and of architectural proportion; religious fervour and elevated thought inspired the Art of Europe in the Middle Ages; richness of colour and wealth of imagination that

\* A Paper read before the Ruskin Society of London, February 14th, 1901.

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of the early Renaissance. But when, in the course of time, these Ideals became lifeless and obscured, the art by which they had been inspired became academic and false; the Art of Greece expired in formalism and mere imitation; that of the early Italians in insipidity and mannerism; that of the Renaissance in conventionalism and insincerity.

When we come to consider the Art of painting in England, with which we are more particularly concerned, we find such diversity of aim and method as renders us unable to fix upon any definite Ideal by which, as a school, it can be said to have been animated. In the sense in which we speak of an early Italian, Venetian, or Dutch School, there cannot be said to be an English School. The Ideals of the various British artists by whom the Art of England has been brought to its present honourable position have differed as widely from one another as the various schools of past ages have differed from each other. But, diversified though the aims of Hogarth, Reynolds, Constable, Morland, Wilkie and Turner were, these masters, and most of the early British painters, were distinguished from the continental artists of their time by a certain straightforwardness and sincerity which gave to their works a distinctive value and charm. They were content to observe those indispensable rules laid down by Pope in his *Essay on Criticism*:—

“First follow nature, and your judgment frame  
By her just standard, which is still the same:  
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,  
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,  
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,  
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.”

The Art of England was yet in its infancy, however, when, at the end of the eighteenth century, it was injuriously affected, in common with that of continental Europe, by an artificial ideal which had been inculcated by the writings of various art critics and historians who had for some time devoted their attention to the Fine Arts. It was held by them that Greek Art and the later work of Raphael

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were perfect, and that, as Winckelmann—who has been called “the Father of Art historians”—said, in his *Thoughts upon the Imitation of Greek Works*, “the sole means to become, if possible, inimitably great,” was the imitation of the Ancients. No picture which did not possess the Greek type, could, it was considered, make any pretension to beauty. This theory obtained almost universal acceptance amongst subsequent writers. Lessing, in his *Laocoon*, expressed a desire to confine the composition of pictures to two or three ideal figures which should please by their physical beauty: the ideal to which he referred, being, of course, the Greek or Raphaelesque ideal; and even Goethe abandoned the Art theories which he had expressed in his *Sorrows of Werther*, and stated that the composition of an ideal picture should correspond strictly with the style of the antique frieze. Diderot, the French critic, in reviewing a French translation of the writings of Winckelmann, stated that it seemed to him that it was necessary to study the antique in order to learn to see nature, and produced, as evidence of Boucher's want of taste, the fact that amongst the whole of the figures painted by him hardly any could be found which could be employed in relief, or even as statues.\* In his lectures to the students of the British Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds expressed similar opinions to those of his continental contemporaries: “There is only one doorway to the School of Nature,” he said, “and of that the old masters hold the keys.” He advised students “that those models which had passed through the approbation of ages should be considered by them as perfect and infallible guides; as subjects for their imitation, not their criticism.”†

It is a curious fact, however, that, as Ruskin points out, nearly every word that Reynolds wrote was contrary to his practice—“he was led by instinct to do all that was right, while he was misled by false logic to say all that was wrong—he enforced, with his lips, generalization, while, with his pencil, he was tracing the

\* Muther's *History of Modern Painting*, Vol. I, chap. iii.

† Discourse at opening of Royal Academy, January 2nd, 1769.

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patterns of the dresses of the belles of the day, and distinguishing every variation of womanly temper."\*

The art-teaching which resulted from these theories is humorously described by Ruskin in his Essay on *Pre-Raphaelitism*: "We begin," he says, "in all probability, by telling the youth of fifteen or sixteen that nature is full of faults, and that he is to improve her; but that Raphael is perfection, and that the more he copies Raphael the better; that after much copying of Raphael, he is to try what he can do himself in a Raphaelesque, but yet original, manner: that is to say, he is to try to do something very clever, all out of his own head, but yet this clever something is to be properly subjected to Raphaelesque rules; is to have a principal light occupying one-seventh of its space, and a principal shadow occupying one-third of the same; that no two people's heads in the picture are to be turned the same way, and that all the personages represented are to possess ideal beauty of the highest order; which ideal beauty consists, partly in a Greek outline of nose; partly in proportions expressible in decimal fractions between the lips and chin; but partly also in that degree of improvement which the youth of sixteen is to bestow upon God's work in general."† It is hardly possible to recall the name of a single continental artist during this period whose work was not influenced by this system of teaching. Raphael Mengs, Carstens, Kaulbach, Genelli, and Cornelius in Germany; Prud'hon, Gérard, and David in France; succumbed to its influence. In England Barry, Northcote, Fuseli, Haydon, Benjamin West, Opie, Richard Wilson, and many others, "burnt their poor wings in the flame of Latin Art and blinded themselves there," as Chesneau has expressively said; and even the transcendent genius of Turner was not entirely proof against its influence. The adoption of classic types as indispensable to the accomplishment of great works of art: the acceptance of Raphael's later works and those of the Carracci and other eclectic

\* *Modern Painters*, Vol. III, chap. iii, sec. 2.

† *Pre-Raphaelitism* (ed. 1851), p. 22.

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artists who succeeded him, as models, not only for *admiration*, but also for *imitation*, by all students of art, threatened to deprive art of all vitality and to bring all artistic productions to a monotonous level of academic mediocrity.

When, in 1843, the first volume of *Modern Painters* appeared, although it was greeted with considerable adverse criticism, its reception was, on the whole, favourable. The artists and art critics of the time seem to have hardly appreciated the full meaning of the revolutionary advice therein given by Ruskin to students: "to go to nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing;"\* and no alteration whatever in artistic Ideals or practices had resulted when, six years later, the self-satisfaction of the Academicians and orthodox critics was greatly disturbed by the productions of three young students which appeared on the Academy walls in that year. The genius of Millais, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti had burst the bonds of academic conventionalism and they had independently arrived at the same conclusion as Ruskin: that "Raphael himself, so far as he was great, and all who preceded or followed him who ever were great, became so by painting the truths around them as they appeared to each man's own mind, not as he had been *taught* to see them, except by the God who had made both him and them."†

Millais appears to have first begun to have doubts as to the soundness of the prevalent art theories in the year 1848, and to have easily convinced his friend Holman Hunt that Raphael was not entirely free from imperfections, as his Cartoons and the celebrated "Transfiguration" shewed. They agreed that the works of Benozzo Gozzoli, Orcagna, and other early Italian painters in the Campo Santo at Pisa, some engravings from which had come into Millais' possession, showed that these frescoes,

\* Vol. I, Conclusion, sec. 21.

† *Pre-Raphaelitism* (1851), p. 59.

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painted in what Sir Joshua had described as "a dry, Gothic and even insipid manner, which attends to the minute accidental discriminations of particular and individual objects,"\* possessed the elements of a more vital and sincere art than that which he called "the Grand Style of Painting, which improves partial representation by the general and invariable Ideas of nature."†

They therefore decided to leave the beaten track and make a fresh path for themselves, taking nature as their only guide. Joined later by Rossetti and a few artists of less distinction, they adopted the title of "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." The first exhibited works of the Brotherhood—Millais' wonderful "Isabella," Holman Hunt's "Rienzi," Rossetti's "Girlhood of Mary Virgin," scarcely revealed their principles to the public, and were received with considerable diversity of opinion. But when, in the following year, 1849, Millais' "Christ in the House of his Parents" revealed the full significance of the new movement, it was received with a storm of abuse and indignation which has probably never been excited by any picture before or since. For here was presented the Virgin, not with the perfect features and calm untroubled expression which had been universally accepted as appropriate to the representation of the mother of God, but scarred with the cares of the world, and torn by human anguish; here was St. Joseph, no heroic figure of majestic mien, but a carpenter, hardened by every-day toil; and here was the Holy Child, not enthroned as King, nor illumined by supernatural light, but standing amid the ordinary litter of a carpenter's shop, His hand torn by some such accident as is common to all children. Even to Charles Dickens the picture was "mean, odious, revolting and repulsive." And yet three years had already elapsed since the principles upon which this and the other Pre-Raphaelite pictures were painted had been expounded by Ruskin in the second volume of *Modern Painters*: "We have not," he had said, in the chapter

\* Discourse at opening of Royal Academy, 1769.

† *Ibid.*

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"On Vital Beauty in Man," "to banish from the Ideal countenance the evidences of sorrow, nor of past suffering, nor even of past and conquered sin, but only the immediate operation of any evil, or the immediate coldness and hollowness of any good emotion. And hence we may often have to indicate the body as far conquered and outworn, and with signs of hard struggle and bitter pain upon it: and yet without ever diminishing the purity of its Ideal; and since it is not in the power of any human imagination to reason out or conceive the countless modifications of experience, suffering, and separated feeling, which have modelled and written their indelible images in various order upon every human countenance, so no right Ideal can be reached by any combination of feature or by any moulding and melting of individual beauties together, and still less without model or example at all; but there is a perfect Ideal to be wrought out of every face around us."\*

There seems to be no reasonable doubt that neither Millais nor Holman Hunt had any acquaintance with Ruskin's writings when they commenced their uphill fight against conventionalism and artistic falsehood. "They were already Pre-Raphaelites before Ruskin wrote a line on the subject," Mr. J. G. Millais tells us in his Biography of his father; and although Holman Hunt seems to have subsequently read *Modern Painters* with much appreciation, finding himself in sympathy with most of Ruskin's ideals, Millais appears to have steadily refused to do so, apparently from a determination to avoid the possibility of being turned from the course which he had marked out for himself, and of the absolute rightness of which he was firmly convinced. In their works, nevertheless, Ruskin found his theory of the Ideal in Man, as in Turner's he had found his landscape ideals, realized; by him the torrent of adverse criticism was stemmed, and to his eloquence and sound reasoning the ultimate triumph of their and his theories was due. In his *Academy Notes* of 1858 Ruskin was able to call attention to the fact that

\* *Modern Painters*, Vol. II, chap. xiv, sec. 12.



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the rooms of the Academy were *filled* with more or less successful works by disciples of the Pre-Raphaelite School, which had then entirely prevailed against all opposition.

The influences on the human body of the intellect and moral feelings, which were all-important elements of Ruskin's Ideal, did not come within the scope of any previous writers on the subject, who had dwelt solely upon bodily perfection, so far as such perfection could be attained by abstraction and combination from the best examples of the human form; an Ideal which, as they had recognized, had been completely realized by the Greeks. There is reason to suppose that through purity of race, careful training in outdoor pastimes, and moderation in all things, the Grecians in the noblest period of Greek Art had attained the greatest physical beauty possible to humanity, and that the artists of this period reproduced in their works the perfect forms of their own countrymen. Whether or not this be the case, the fact that Greek Art was not an artificial product, but the outcome of a sincere effort to realize the highest beauty which the Grecians could conceive, is beyond question. In the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* Ruskin tells us that "all great Art represents something that it sees or believes in, nothing unseen or uncredited," and in the third volume of *Modern Painters* he reminds us that "all that we call ideal in Greek, or any other art, because to us it is false and visionary, was, to the makers of it, true and existent. The heroes of Phidias are simply representations of such noble persons as he saw every day, and the gods of Phidias simply representations of such noble, divine persons, as he thoroughly believed to exist, and did, in mental vision, truly behold."\*

The nobleness which mental or moral attributes or soul culture could give to the features, was first appreciated in Christian Italy, and realized in the works of the early Italian Painters. Their art, like that of Greece, was spontaneous and sincere, their eyes were "open to the divinity of the immortal seal on the common

\* *Modern Painters*, Vol. III, chap. vii, sec. 5.

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features that they met in the highways and hedges hourly and momentarily,"\* and the decline of their art was undoubtedly due to the abandonment of the observation and realization of natural facts and appearances which was mainly effected through the influence of Raphael: "the old and great painters," Ruskin tells us, "were too great and too humble not to see in every face about them that which was above them, and which no fancies of theirs could match nor take place of."† The introduction of portrait he holds to be the necessary and sterling basis of all Ideal Art, "no great man having ever been able to do without it, nor dreamed of doing without it, even to the close of his days."

Sir Joshua Reynolds had referred students to the works of the old masters: "by studying these authentic models," he had said, "that idea of excellence which is the result of accumulated experience of past ages may be at once acquired, and the tardy and obstructed progress of our predecessors may teach us a shorter and easier way."‡ Ruskin could point out no short and easy way to those who should accept his teaching. "The pursuit of idealism in humanity, as of idealism in lower nature, can be successful only when followed through the most constant, patient, and humble rendering of actual models, accompanied with that earnest mental study of each which can interpret all that is written upon it, disentangle the hieroglyphics of its sacred history, rend the veil of the bodily temple, and rightly measure the relations of good and evil contending within it for mastery; everything done without such study must be shallow and contemptible; generalization or combination of individual character will end less in the mending than the losing of it."§

In the restoration of the ideal of the human form and countenance "we are not to banish everything that can be ultimately traced to the Adamite Fall for its cause;" evidences of sorrow, of past

\* *Modern Painters*, Volume II, chap. xiv, sec. 15.

† *Ibid.*, sec. 14.

‡ Discourse at opening of Royal Academy, 1769.

§ *Modern Painters*, Vol. II, chap. xiv, sec. 13.

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suffering or of past and conquered sin; "but only the immediate operation and presence of the degrading power of sin."\* Nevertheless, we are told that by no intellectual exertion, knowledge, experience, or diligence of comparison, can we effect this separation: "by no reasoning can the evidences of depravity be traced in movements of muscle or forms of feature." By love and sympathy alone can this be done, no pure passion can be understood or painted except by the pure of heart; foul or blunt feeling will see itself in everything. And as the possession of this purity of heart and mind is rare, and can neither be taught nor given, Ruskin points out certain "broad indications of evil which the bluntest feeling may perceive and which the habit of distinguishing and casting out would both ennoble the Schools of Art, and lead, in time, to greater acuteness of perception with respect to the less explicable characters of soul beauty."

These commonly manifested signs of evil he divides into four kinds; signs of pride, sensuality, fear, and cruelty, any one of which will destroy the ideal character of the countenance and body. Of these, he considers pride to be the most destructive of all, and, even at its best, base to that degree "that there is no grandeur of feature which it cannot destroy and make despicable:" and he opposes to the modern principle of portraiture, expressing vanity throughout, "the glorious severity of Holbein and the mighty and simple modesty of Raphael, Titian, Giorgione, and Tintoret, with whom armour does not constitute the warrior, neither silk the dame."† Sensuality he finds not less fatal than pride, though more subtle and difficult to trace. He is of opinion that the purity of flesh painting, *i.e.*, its freedom from sensuality, depends in very considerable measure on the intensity and warmth of its colour; that the occasional coarseness of Titian was redeemed by the glory of his hues; that, for the same reason, much may be forgiven to Rubens, less to Correggio; but the works of Guido, depending

\* *Modern Painters*, sec. II.

† Vol. II, chap. xiv, sec. 19.

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for whatever attractiveness they may possess on fullness and roundness of form, he describes as "devoid of Art and Decency."\* The third common sign of evil, fear, he distinguishes from the right fear of God and conception of power; the fourth, cruelty, he condemns as "the least human of all, and without excuse or palliation."†

It is obvious that although this theory of the Ideal may be entirely satisfactory so far as the representation of earthly beings is concerned, it is quite inappropriate to the representation of Supernatural beings, of Angelic and other forms, from which all trace of sin or evil, past or present, must of necessity be eliminated. This subject, however, is fully dealt with in a chapter in the second volume of *Modern Painters*, to which is given the title of "The Superhuman Ideal," and in the early chapters of the third volume of the same work. After referring to four conceivable modes of manifestation of Spiritual beings to the human sense: by external types, signs, or influences, by the assumption of forms not properly belonging to them, by the manifestation of forms which, though appropriate, are not necessarily seen, and by the operation of such supernatural manifestations on the human form which they influence or inspire, Ruskin considers the question as to the modifications by which creatures already known to us may be explained "as signs or habitations of Divinity or angelic essence and not creatures such as they seem."

"Creatures already known to us." We can conceive of no new form peculiar to spirit. Whenever there is a form at all it is the form of some creature known to us. The signs of Divinity or Angelic Essence must therefore be explained by modifications of such known forms.

In dealing with the Human Ideal, Ruskin had opposed the view commonly held that the Ideal was to be obtained by the selection from the noblest individuals of the human race of the highest forms

\* *Modern Painters*, secs. 20-24.

† Sec. 28.

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which the human body is capable of possessing, on the ground that soul culture is generally incompatible with bodily perfection, moral faculties with intellectual, different kinds of intellect with each other. "David, ruddy and of fair countenance, with the brook-stone of deliverance in his hand" is not more ideal (he had said) than "David leaning on the old age of Barzillai, returning chastened to his kingly home." (Vol. II, chap. xiv, sec. 10.) A nobler ideal can be found in the weakly presence of St. Paul, his "moral enthusiasm burning its way out to heaven through the emaciation of the earthen vessel," than in the "fair and ruddy countenance of David." (Sec. 9.)

When the bodily form is understood as spiritual, however, he allows the necessity for the bestowal upon it of whatever typical beauty it is capable of possessing. "It is inconceivable that spiritual frame should retain the brand of sorrow past, unless fallen." But even here he considers the influence of Greek Art dangerous. The Greek could not conceive a spirit: he could do nothing without limbs: Christian and Pagan Art have nothing in common—"With what comparison," he says, "shall we compare the types of the martyr saints, the St. Stephen of Fra Bartolomeo with his calm forehead crowned by the stony diadem, or the Madonnas of Francia and Pinturricchio in whom the hues of the morning and the solemnity of eve, the gladness in accomplished promise and sorrow of the sword-pierced heart are gathered into one human lamp of ineffable love." (Part III, sec. ii, chap. v, sec. 21.) Such muscular development as is necessary to the perfect beauty of the body is to be rendered, but not such as appears to have been the result of laborious exercise. Anatomical development is better concealed as far as may be; the naked form should be covered, not with light and undulating materials which exhibit its principal lines, but with severe and linear draperies such as were constantly employed before the time of Raphael. (Sec. 17.) Symmetry and repose he considers of peculiar value in spiritual form.

Obviously the mere idealization of the human form is not suffi-

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cient of itself to impress it with supernatural character. "No rules of teaching," we are told, "will enable the artist to raise the form by mere inherent dignity to such power and impressiveness as cannot but assert and stamp it for superhuman." Only by faith and intense feeling can "the last pinnacle and utmost power of the Ideal" be reached, as it is reached in the earlier of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa by Benozzo Gozzoli, where "Angelic presences, mingled with human, occur frequently, illustrated by no awfulness of light nor incorporeal tracing. Clear revealed they move, in human forms, in the broad daylight and on the open earth, side by side and hand in hand with men. But they never miss of the Angel." (Sec. 5.)

There is one other way, however, by which, according to Ruskin, supernatural character may be expressed: by the modification of accessories.

The early religious painters generally gave to their landscape backgrounds perfect symmetry and order, and banished therefrom all signs of decay, disturbance and imperfection: but they thereby rendered them unnatural and singular; what was right in them arose from the keen feeling of the painter, and they cannot be safely imitated, the only safe way of following in their steps is to attain perfect knowledge of Nature herself, and then to suffer our own feelings to guide us in the selection of what is fitting for any particular purpose. The artist must paint what he himself loves, and his selection will be lovely "if his mind be pure and sweetly toned." The modification of accessories by purity of colour, almost shadowless, and the use of gilding, enamel, and inlaid jewellery, adopted most successfully by Angelico, Ruskin terms "Purist Idealism." He observes that the ornaments used by Angelico, Giotto, and Perugino are always generic and abstract; not diamonds, nor brocades, but mere spots of gold or colour, simple patterns upon textureless draperies, golden circlets gleaming with changeful light—but not beaded with pearls nor set with sapphires—angel wings burning with transparent crimson, purple, and

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amber, but not set forth with peacocks' plumes. (Secs. 9-14.) In that it ignored natural facts, either through ignorance, or the "unwillingness of men whose dispositions were more than ordinarily tender and holy to contemplate the various forms of definite evil which necessarily occur in the daily aspects of the world around them," he considers this method false; but so far as it was understood to be nothing more than an expression of the painter's personal affections or hopes, true. "It is indeed Ideal; but Ideal as a fair dream is in the dawn of morning, before the faculties are astir." "For all firm aid, and steady use, we must look to harder realities." (Vol. III, chap. vi, sec. 5.) Pain and imperfection are bound up with existence, so far as it is visible to us, and the endeavour to cast them away indicates a comparative childishness of mind.

Somewhat akin to the subject of the Supernatural Ideal is that of the use of the Grotesque in Art. That form of it which consists in the use of tangible signs to set forth an otherwise less expressible truth, as in Dürer's *Melancholia*, Rethel's *Death the Friend*, and the Dragon in Turner's *Garden of the Hesperides*—he calls thoroughly noble, distinguishing it from "the false and vicious grotesque which results from idleness, malice, and general degradation of the human spirit"—of which, I suppose, we may take Doré's illustrations to Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques* as examples. In this matter, again, Ruskin considers the question of truth and falsehood of representation all-important. He requires of the Artist that he represent that which he, in his imagination, really sees, not something "put together by line and rule." To depict a true ideal griffin he must truly and faithfully behold it in imagination—it must be "a profound expression of the most passionate symbolism." (Vol. III, chap. viii, sec. 21.)

I have left to the last the consideration of Ruskin's theory of the Ideal in Landscape—a subject to which he first devoted his attention—not because it is less interesting, but because it seems to me to have had less influence on artistic methods, than his



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theory of the Ideal in Man. Many years before Ruskin wrote *Modern Painters* the painting of Landscape had been, to a great extent, freed from the conventionalities of Claude, Gaspar Poussin, Salvator Rosa, and Richard Wilson; and artists had endeavoured to paint natural scenery as it actually existed around them, and not according to academic formulæ and false classical ideals. In the middle of the eighteenth century Gainsborough had found subjects for pictures in the woods and country lanes of Suffolk; before the end of that century, Constable, Old Crome, and others of the Norwich School, were working with single-hearted devotion to nature in the villages of Norfolk; and to the works of Turner Ruskin was able to refer for examples of accurate observation and realization in every branch of Landscape art.

Nevertheless, many false opinions concerning the Ideal in landscape existed when *Modern Painters* appeared, and connoisseurs were accustomed to look upon the works of Claude as far superior to those of Turner—as, in fact, the noblest examples of landscape painting that had, up to that time, been produced.

Practically the whole of the first volume of *Modern Painters* was devoted to a comparison of the works of Turner with those of Claude, Salvator, and Gaspar Poussin, and an endeavour, which proved entirely successful, to show that Turner was a far greater artist, and an infinitely safer guide, than they. Ruskin's theory of the Ideal in landscape was absolutely opposed to that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Reynolds had advised students to "neglect *specific* form in landscape and aim at *general* truth." (See the *Third Discourse*, p. 333, ed. Bohn.) "It is just as impossible to generalize granite and slate as to generalize a man and a cow," says Ruskin.\* Sir Joshua praised the foreground of Titian's "Peter Martyr" because the plants were discriminated "just as much as was necessary for variety and no more." "The true Ideal of Landscape is precisely the same as that of the human form," says Ruskin. "It is the expression of the *specific*, not the *individual*,

\* *Modern Painters*, Vol. I, preface to the second edition.

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characters, of every object in their perfection. There is an Ideal form of every herb, flower, and tree. It is that form to which every individual of the species has a tendency to arrive, freed from the influence of accident or disease."\*

By various illustrations which are given in *Modern Painters* it is made clear that the ideal form, according to Ruskin's view, differs according to the particular circumstances under which the herb, flower, or tree grows. The ideal of a park-grown oak differs entirely from that of an oak grown on rocky soil. "The wild oak," he says, "may be anything, gnarled, and leaning, and shattered, and rock-encumbered, and yet ideal, so only that amidst all its misfortunes it maintain the dignity of oak; and indeed I look upon this kind of tree as more ideal than any other, in so far as by its efforts and struggles, more of its nature, enduring power, patience in waiting for, and ingenuity in obtaining what it needs, is brought out and so more of the essence of oak exhibited than under more fortunate conditions." (Vol. II, chap. xiii, sec. 9.) The moral ideal of a plant; dependent on its right fulfilment of appointed functions; is not to be found, we are told, in a magnificently developed example, "colossal in size and splendid in organization." "The first time that I saw the *Soldanella alpina*," Ruskin says, "it was growing of magnificent size on a sunny Alpine pasture, among bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, associated with a profusion of *Geum montanum* and *Ranunculus pyrenaicus*. I noticed it only because new to me, nor perceived any peculiar beauty in its cloven flower. Some days after, I found it alone, among the rack of the higher clouds and howling of glacier winds, and piercing through an edge of avalanche, which, in its retiring, had left the new ground brown and lifeless, and as if burned by recent fire; the plant was poor and feeble, and seemingly exhausted with its efforts, but it was then that I comprehended its ideal character and saw its noble function and order of glory among the constellations of the earth. The *Ranunculus glacialis* might,

\* *Modern Painters*, sec. 20.

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perhaps, by cultivation, be blanched from its wan and corpse-like paleness to purer white, and won to more branched and lofty development of its ragged leaves. But the ideal of the plant is to be found only in the last loose stones of the moraine, alone there; wet with the cold unkindly drip of the glacier water, and trembling as the loose and steep dust to which it clings yields ever and anon, and shudders and crumbles from about its root." (Vol. II, chap. xiii, sec. 11.)

In his book on *The Art Teaching of John Ruskin*, Mr. Collingwood expresses the opinion that the old distinction of Realistic and Idealistic Art "seems very reasonable and comprehensible," and he considers that it is one of the difficult points in Ruskin's Art writing that he does not recognize the commonly-accepted view. There is no doubt that this distinction was, in many respects, a convenient one, but I am inclined to think that whatever difficulty Ruskin's theory may occasion is far outweighed by the advantages which have been derived from teaching which put an end to the false Ideal which, as he says, was the "shadow of a shadow, with mechanism substituted for perception, and bodily beauty for spiritual life," which "set custom and semblance above everlasting truth," "gave fastidiousness of choice without judgment, superciliousness of manner without dignity, refinement of habit without purity, grace of expression without sincerity, and desire of loveliness without love." (Vol. III, chap. v, sec. 7.) The unsatisfactory result of selecting from nature only such objects as possess an elegant form in themselves, rejecting everything which does not accord with some more or less arbitrary standard of beauty, is unquestionable. Such selection and discrimination obviously limit an artist's sympathies: "he will gradually contract his circle of enjoyment, until what he supposes to be nobleness of selection ends in narrowness of perception." "Great Art dwells upon all that is beautiful," but "beauty deprived of its proper foils ceases to be enjoyed as beauty." (Vol. III, chap. iii, secs. 13, 14.)

Hazlitt defined the Ideal as "the highest point of purity and

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perfection to which we can carry the idea of any object or quality," and this I take to be the commonly-accepted meaning of the word. Even if we adopt this definition, there does not seem to be any valid reason why the human Ideal should be considered, as it always used to be considered, with reference to the bodily form alone; and Ruskin's contention that the Ideal in man cannot be realized without taking into consideration the influence of the mind upon the bodily shape, appears to be very necessary and useful. A perfect bodily form is undoubtedly appropriate to the representation of angelic and other supernatural beings; but a representation of St. Paul or St. Jerome which entirely ignores his peculiar characteristics—the weak bodily presence of the one ennobled by moral courage and religious fervour, and the emaciated body of the other etherealized by self-denial and spiritual enthusiasm, can scarcely be considered truly Ideal.

There seems to me, however, more reason for Mr. Collingwood's objection so far as it relates to Ruskin's theory of the Ideal in inanimate nature. It is certainly somewhat unsatisfactory to call "a gnarled and shattered oak" or a starved and blanched flower "ideal" merely because it has made the best of adverse circumstances; and more convenient to limit that term to trees or flowers which, under conditions most favourable to their perfect development, have attained the utmost beauty possible to them. Indeed it is not quite clear that Ruskin's own definition of the ideal form as "that to which every individual of a species has a tendency to arrive free from the influence of accident or disease," is quite consistent with his allotting of ideality to a "gnarled and shattered" oak, which has, presumably, been affected both by accident and by disease.

It is customary among modern critics to speak of Ruskin's art theories as if they had long since become discredited, and had no influence on the present generation of artists, and there is no doubt that the study of the French Schools and of the art of Japan has resulted in a wide departure from the *methods* of the Pre-Raphaelites, albeit the most gifted of the younger painters,

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such as Messrs. Byam Shaw, Herbert Draper, T. C. Gotch, and the members of the Birmingham School, incline to revert to some extent to the elaboration of detail and conscientious workmanship which characterise the works of Holman Hunt and the early productions of Millais, Rossetti, and their associates and immediate followers. But, in fact, although the technical accomplishments of the Pre-Raphaelites had Ruskin's warm and constant approval, such matters were not of the essence of his ideals; imaginative penetration into the essential qualities of the facts represented, "trying to conceive things as they *are*, and thinking and feeling them quite out," (*Art of England*, 1884, p. 42), were to him of far greater importance than minuteness of finish. His passionate denunciations and eloquent appreciations were directed to the destruction of those false ideals which had resulted in what he described as "that unhappy prettiness and sameness under which the schools mask, or rather for which they barter, all the birthright and power of nature, prettiness wrought out and spun fine in the study, till it hardly betters the block on which dresses and hair are tried in barber's windows and milliner's books." (Vol. II, chap. xiv, sec. 15.) He it was who taught us to appreciate the unrivalled genius of Turner, and to realize how much more valuable are the lessons to be learned from his works than from those of Claude and Salvator Rosa; and although we may doubt the appropriateness of some of the terms which he employs, we cannot be too grateful to the great writer through whose teaching artists have been led to abandon the conventionalities of the early landscape painters, to leave those "idle dreams of things that cannot be," and to reveal to us, and assist us in appreciating, the unnumbered beauties of the world in which we live.

"For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love  
First when we see them painted, things we have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see,  
And so they are better, painted—better to us  
Which is the same thing—Art was given for that;  
God uses us to help each other so,  
Lending our minds out."

## NOTES ON *SESAME AND LILIES*.

[continued.]

By the Reverend J. B. Booth.

### *LILIES.*

Motto. (SEPTUAGINT): The Septuagint is the oldest and most important of the Greek Versions of the Old Testament, and dates from about 280 B.C. By a "version" is meant a translation from the original into some other language. According to St. Irenaeus (book iii, chap. 24) and ancient tradition, Ptolemy II (Philadelphus), King of Egypt, wishing to include in his great library at Alexandria the chief writings of all nations, asked the Jews of Jerusalem to contribute a Greek version of their Scriptures (our Old Testament). They accordingly sent seventy-two learned Elders, six for each tribe, to Alexandria, to translate such a version from the original Hebrew. King Ptolemy, it is related, separated the Elders one from another, and bade each of them translate the whole of the Old Testament books. This they did, and it was found that each version so made, agreed exactly with all the rest. "Septuagint," from Latin *septuaginta*, "seventy."

51. INSIGNIA: outward marks or badges of honour or position.

THE "LIKENESS OF A KINGLY CROWN HAVE ON."—A quotation from the description of the figure of Death in Milton's *Paradise Lost* which begins at line 666 in Book II.

53. "QUEENS' GARDENS": See the title of this second lecture. The lilies are to grow in the Queens' Gardens. This section (53) indicates the subject of the lecture.

56. LABOURED: that is, where the main characters are not "slight sketches" but fully drawn.

The "vanities" and other failings and characteristics of Shakespeare's heroes and heroines mentioned in this and the following sections will be readily recognised and corroborated by those who

## NOTES ON "SESAME AND LILIES."

already know or will read the plays, a very limited number in either case.

"COXCOMB": Emilia is speaking of Othello. (Act v, sc. 2, l. 236.) A coxcomb is a fool. The word in that sense arose from the practice of professional fools and jesters wearing caps in shape and colour like a cock's comb.

THE "UNLESSONED GIRL": Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* (Act iii, sc. 2), who by clever legal acumen saves Antonio from Shylock and his demand for the "pound of flesh."

59. MERELY ROMANTIC PROSE WRITING: the words "romantic" and "romance" point to the fact that imaginative fiction was largely written in the "Romance" languages, *i.e.*, those derived directly from the Roman or Latin, such as Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and French. Ruskin has in his mind such works as *Ivanhoe*, *Quentin Durward* and *Kenilworth*, novels not based, like many of Scott's others, on actual studies from Scottish life, though these latter have also their share of romance.

DANDIE DINMONT: see *Guy Mannering*.

CLAVERHOUSE: John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, the "Bonnie Dundee" of the song. Among the Covenanters he was a by-word for cruelty. See *Old Mortality*.

ELLEN DOUGLAS: in *The Lady of the Lake*.

FLORA MACIVOR: in *Waverley*.

ROSE BRADWARDINE: in *Waverley*.

CATHERINE SEYTON: in *The Abbot*.

DIANA VERNON: in *Rob Roy*.

LILIAS REDGAUNTLET: in *Redgauntlet*.

ALICE BRIDGENORTH: in *Peveril of the Peak*.

ALICE LEE: in *Woodstock*.

JEANIE DEANS: in *The Heart of Mid Lothian*.

Note to sec. 59. EDWARD GLENDENNING: in *The Monastery*.

COLONEL GARDINER: in *Waverley*.

COLONEL TALBOT: in *Waverley*.

COLONEL MANNERING: in *Guy Mannering*.



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60. DANTE'S GREAT POEM: *La Divina Commedia*. See under section 24.

HIS DEAD LADY: Beatrice, with whom Dante was in love from boyhood. But she married Simon de Bardi, and died at the age of twenty-four.

A KNIGHT OF PISA: Pannuccio dal Bagno. The lines quoted are part of a poem by him, called "Of his change through love," and are to be found (translated) in *Dante and his Circle*, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. This book, published in 1874 and again in 1892, was a rearrangement of *The Early Italian Poets*, published in 1861, through the liberality of Ruskin.

DANTE ROSSETTI (1828-1882).—Painter and poet. As a painter he was associated with Holman Hunt, Millais and others in the Pre-Raphaelite movement, which was opposed to the conventionalities of eighteenth century art, and sought to return to the mystical idealism of earlier centuries. Rossetti never mastered, and did not care to master, technicalities of the painter's work—he was indifferent to perspective for example—but in spiritual emotion some of his pictures are hardly surpassed. "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," and "Ecce Ancilla Domini" ("Behold the Handmaid of the Lord") are well-known. The latter is in the National Gallery. Ruskin showed the greatest generosity to Rossetti, and in order to relieve him of financial worry undertook to buy each year (up to a maximum limit) pictures by him at prices which the painter would have charged to any ordinary customer. As a poet Rossetti is perhaps best known by his translations of the *Early Italian Poets*, and by his Sonnet-sequence *The House of Life*. In private life he was a "difficult" person. He was much addicted to taking chloral, and this, no doubt, aggravated his somewhat quarrelsome disposition.

"THIS MY LOVE SHOULD MANIFESTLY BE TO SERVE AND HONOUR THEE."—The key-note to this poem is that true love delights in service, and in submission to the object of its love—"the liberty of the subject" is its abomination.

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MY DELIGHT IS FULL, ACCEPTED FOR THE SERVANT OF THY RULE: *i.e.*, my delight is full because I am accepted, etc.

WITHOUT ALMOST, I AM ALL RAPTUROUS: *i.e.*, even without being accepted, or before I was accepted, I have been in a state of rapture ever since my will was ready to submit to thee and serve thee.

NOR EVER SEEMS IF ANYTHING COULD ROUSE A PAIN OR A REGRET.—Serving thee and being thine, nothing from outside troubles me.

IN THY GIFT IS WISDOM'S BEST AVAIL.—Thou canst give the best power or strength of wisdom.

61. ANDROMACHE (pronounced An-dròma-key).—The wife of Hector who was slain by Achilles at the siege of Troy. The parting between Andromache and Hector as he is setting out to battle is one of the finest passages in Homer's *Iliad* (Book VI, lines 390-502).

CASSANDRA.—Apollo fell in love with Cassandra who broke her word with the god. He had already endowed her with the power of prophecy and to this he now added the condition, that she should always be disbelieved though always prophesying truth.

Read the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus. It has been well translated by Miss Swanwick, by J. S. Blackie and others. Also by Browning but in difficult style.

NAUSICAA (four syllables).—The daughter of Alcinoüs king of the Phæacians, who conducts Ulysses (Odysseus) when shipwrecked on his return from Troy, to her father's palace. See Homer's *Odyssey*, Book VI (translation by George Chapman and others).

PENELOPE: Wife of Ulysses. The *Odyssey* gives us a picture of her, patiently waiting through long years for the return of her husband from Troy, and resisting all the suitors for her hand, who assured her he would never come back. She promised when she finished a piece of tapestry on which she was engaged, to make her choice of one of them in accordance with the custom of the times. But by night she undid her work of the day.

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ANTIGONE.—The faithful daughter of King Œdipus who attended him in his blindness and wretchedness, and afterwards at the risk of her life performed the rites for her dead brother. See Sophocles' *Œdipus at Colonus* and *Antigone*, translated by Jebb and by others, and also Æschylus *The Seven against Thebes* (translated by Miss Swanwick).

IPHIGENIA (pronounced Ifi-jě-nì-ă).—The Greek fleet on the way to Troy was detained by contrary winds at Aulis in Bœotia, by the power of the offended goddess Artemis (Diana). The Greek seer Calchas pronounced that nothing would conciliate her but the sacrifice of Iphigenia the daughter of Agamemnon the commander-in-chief of the host, and King of Mycenæ. She was reluctantly sent for, under the pretence that she was to be married to Achilles. She came and was on the point of being sacrificed when the goddess snatched her away, and she was found afterwards by her brother Orestes as a priestess of Artemis in the Tauric Chersonese (now the Crimea). See Euripides' *Iphigenia at Aulis* and *Iphigenia at Tauri* (translations by Dean Milman, Paley and others).

ALCESTIS: Wife of Admetus King of Pheræ in Thessaly. Her husband had been promised that when he was fated to die, he would escape death if either his father, mother or wife would die in his stead. His wife alone consented, and having died was restored again by Hercules. See Euripides' *Alcestis*. After the terrible slaughter and capture of the Athenians in Sicily, the Syracusans granted liberty to those of the captives who could recite from the plays of Euripides (an Athenian) then recently written. This is excellently told and a translation of the *Alcestis* given in Browning's *Balaustion's Adventure*. There is a beautiful allusion to *Alcestis* in Milton's Sonnet *On his deceased wife*.

CHAUCER (about 1340-1400).—The Father of English Poetry. His chief work is *The Canterbury Tales*.

LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.—Written about 1385 and left unfinished. The "Good Women" are Cleopatra, Thisbe of Babylon,

## NOTES ON "SESAME AND LILIES."

Dido, Hypsipyle, Medea, Lucretia, Ariadne, Philomela, Phyllis, Hypermnestra.

SPENCER (1552-1599): One of our greatest poets. His chief work is *The Faerie Queene*.

UNA.—In Spencer's *Faerie Queene* Una (the name means "one") represents Truth and accompanies the Red Cross Knight who represents Holiness. (See Book I.)

BRITOMART.—In the same poem (see Book III) Britomart is a maiden knight and represents Chastity.

THE LAWGIVER OF ALL THE EARTH: Moses, who was brought up by the daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt. See Exodus ii, 10, and especially chapter xx.

ATHENA OF THE OLIVE-HELM AND CLOUDY SHIELD: "Olive helm" is of course "olive helmet." It is difficult to be certain of Ruskin's exact meaning here. Athena (Minerva) was the protecting deity of Athens, and according to the myths, the city was granted to her in competition with Poseidon (Neptune) because she proposed to create the olive tree as a gift to it, while Poseidon would have bestowed upon it the horse. The gods decided that the former was the better gift. Athena is also the goddess of wisdom, and since she protected Athens from outside enemies she figures also as a warlike goddess. She is moreover the goddess of the air and sky, for which reason Ruskin styles one of his books, *Athena, the Queen of the Air*. Putting together these various points, and comparing §§ 91 and 92 of *Sesame and Lilies*, Ruskin no doubt means to indicate by the epithets "olive-helm" and "cloudy shield," that one of the best forms of warfare is that against the "thorns and thistles" and barrenness of the earth, and that this is a warfare waged by the goddess of wisdom whose two great gifts to Athens were the olive and the clouds—the olive which so greatly enriched Athens, and a crown of the leaves of which formed the greatest prize an Athenian could win in the games; and the clouds which by the rain caused the olive to produce abundantly in the somewhat barren soil of Attica, and

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which also suggested awe and reverence to the mind of the Athenian, and were therefore potent in his education.

MOST PRECIOUS IN ART, ETC.—An allusion to the pre-eminence in art, literature and national greatness of the Greeks, and especially of Athens. This is fully worked out in Ruskin's *Queen of the Air* referred to in section 10 of *Sesame*.

65. "HAD MADE BRUTES MEN."—Compare the last two lines of the poem quoted in section 60.

Note to 65. Coventry Patmore (1823-96). His chief poems are *The Angel in the House* (from which the lines quoted are taken), *The Victories of Love*, and *The Unknown Eros*.

(To be continued.)

